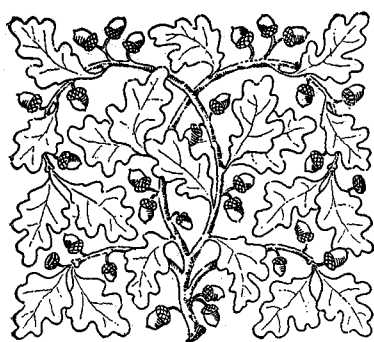


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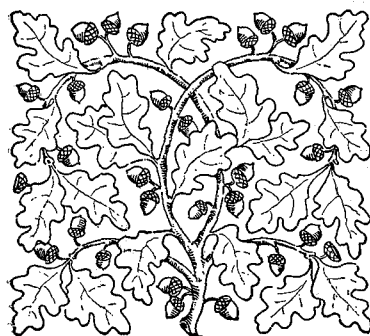
15 JULY, 1893

The Outlook

A Family Paper



NEW
SERIES OF
THE
CHRISTIAN
UNION



Truth in Paradox

*In estimating a life or character,
the question rarely turns on the cor-
rectness of this or that opinion held.*

W. E. GLADSTONE.

*Some things, after all, come to
the poor that can't get into the doors
of the rich, whose money somehow
blocks up the entrance-way.*

GEORGE MACDONALD.

*No consecrated absurdity would
have stood its ground in this world
if the man had not silenced the objec-
tion of the child.*

MICHELET.

THE OUTLOOK CO. · CLINTON HALL · ASTOR PLACE
NEW YORK



THE catalogue or circular of any school in America (if issued) and the time-tables of the routes you would use in traveling from your home to the school, *sent free* on request. Write, stating what school or what class of schools you wish to know about, addressing Educational Department, The Outlook, 13 Astor Place, N. Y.

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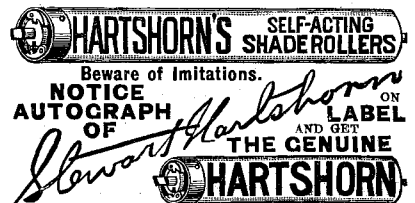
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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

"All the Lord gives us is opportunity; we are to do the rest."
LAWSON VALENTINE.

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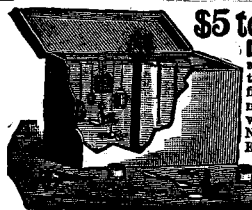
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SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

Cash in Banks	\$ 243,279 50
Real Estate	1,554,689 80
United States Stocks (market value)	1,459,875 00
Bank, Trust Co., and Railroad Stocks and Bonds (market value)	3,584,405 05
State and City Bonds (market value)	915,214 74
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate	611,032 35
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand	347,300 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents	585,630 60
Interest due and accrued on 1st January, 1893	27,327 40
	\$9,328,754 44

LIABILITIES:

Cash Capital	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund	4,225,113 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims	824,401 62
Net Surplus	1,279,239 82
	\$9,328,754 44

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Boys' and Girls' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Public School No. 26, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Arbuckle Flats, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, N. Y.
New Store of Liebmann Bros., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ninth Ward School, Utica, N. Y.
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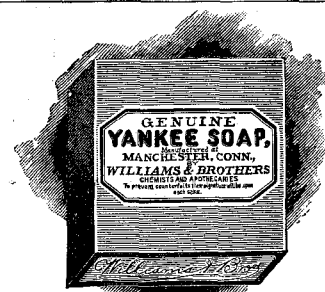
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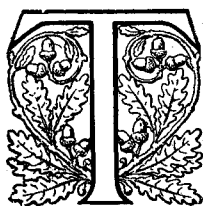
Volume 48

For Week ending 15 July, 1893

Number 3



The Week



THE Latin Quarter in Paris was the scene during the past week of one of those outbreaks of disorder among the student class which have frequently disturbed the peace of Paris and have more than once led to serious results. In this instance the impetuosity of youth was led on and reinforced by the antagonism between the Municipal Government of Paris and the police supervision which the General Government exercises over that city. For a long time past the Municipal Council, which is the local governing body, has been in sharp conflict with the Prefecture of Police, which represents the authority of the National Government. The Council is itself, as our readers remember, largely radical and even socialistic in its sentiment, and on more than one occasion in latter times has been suspected of being out of sympathy with the Government. It resents bitterly every exercise of authority by the Government in municipal matters, holding that, as the police are paid out of the municipal budget, the force should be under the control of the Municipal Government; and it makes an annual attempt to stop the salary of the police Prefect. For months past there have been growing complaints about the brutality of the police in breaking up quiet meetings and in arresting without cause men and women who were immediately set free by the tribunals before which they were carried. These complaints have come from the students and the working classes. On Labor Day the police were charged with brutally beating two Deputies and other citizens, and they recently interfered with a ball given by pupils of the School of Fine Arts—an action which aroused the whole student community. M. Loze, the Prefect of Police, lacks the calmness of temper and clearness of judgment which such an official ought to possess. He resigned, but the Prime Minister refused to accept his resignation, and justified his recent arbitrary arrests. This action still further aroused the student community; the students thronged the Legislative Building, and ten of them were admitted to the Chamber of Deputies and given a hearing. The Premier requested the Chamber not to discuss the complaints made against the Prefect of Police, and the Chamber followed his advice, but by implication condemned that official.

The students' riots were confined largely to the Latin Quarter, and were carried on with such vigor as to arouse the attention of all France. There was the usual destruction of lamp-posts, newspaper kiosks, the overturning of tram-cars and omnibuses, and the old-time barricades made up of these vehicles. The entire student population appears to have been under great excitement, and to have

taken part in the earlier skirmishes with the police, and there were a number of casualties. The noise of the tumult naturally brought into the Latin Quarter the large element of roughs of which certain parts of Paris are full, and these gentlemen joined with the students, not because they had any grievance, but because they are always on the alert for any sort of disturbance. The disorder began then to assume a more serious character. Troops were massed in the neighborhood of Paris, and measures were taken to prepare for a possible emergency which should demand prompt and extensive military interference. At this stage of the game the students, who had no intention of overthrowing the Government or of pulling down the pillars of the State, withdrew from the riots, and in several instances joined with the police in the attempt to suppress them. There happens to be just now in various parts of France a good deal of dissatisfaction among the laboring people, and in several localities there are extensive strikes. After the rioting had gone on for several days in the city, the contagion spread into the neighborhood of the Place de la Republique, which has always been a center of disorder. No satisfactory reasons are given for the participation of the laboring element in the riots, although the Socialists and Anarchists would naturally affiliate with any disturbers of the peace. The Government, however, closed the Labor Exchange, an action very severely criticised in the Assembly, and which must certainly have required ample justification. The Premier, M. Dupuy, has shown unexpected energy in dealing with these disturbances, and has demonstrated the fact that, with a strong and trustworthy body of troops, Paris need never again get into the hands of revolutionists, unless the entire population take up arms against the Government.



The Labor Exchange, or Bourse du Travail, is an extremely interesting establishment which aims to do for manual labor what the Stock Exchange does for stocks and the Produce Exchange for produce. A general registry for workingmen was opened in Paris more than a quarter of a century ago, under the direction of the Third Empire, but the laboring men would have nothing to do with it. Trades-unions, meanwhile, sprang up in all parts of France, and in the leading towns these unions formed general organizations, and these general organizations naturally suggested the plan of a central organization which should find its location in Paris and should control labor organizations throughout the country. The Municipal Council, which always lends a ready ear to the demands of the working people, presented to the trades-unions a famous old building which soon proved too small for the purpose, and the present Labor Exchange was built on the great square facing the statue of the Republic. It represents more than three hundred labor unions, with a total membership of nearly four hundred thousand, and it

is open to all men who earn their living by any kind of work, from scavengers and rag-pickers to artists. It is only a little more than a year since the Exchange went into operation. It has grown rapidly in membership and efficiency, and has become an enormous intelligence office, where men and women out of work go in search of places, register their names and addresses, and receive information from the secretaries. The different trades represented in the Exchange have their headquarters in the buildings; among them the rag-pickers, the street-sweepers, the gas-lighters, waitresses, cooks, domestic servants, nurses, and members of all trades and occupations. One beneficent result of the Exchange has been that the private intelligence office is fast going out of existence, since the end of the Exchange is not to make money, but to serve its patrons in procuring places for them. A great hall seating four thousand people is used for public gatherings, and is devoted mainly to conferences of workingmen and to lectures on industrial and educational topics. The Exchange has nothing whatever to do with politics. It is neither Anarchistic nor Socialistic, and has been of immense service to the classes for whose benefit it was organized. The temporary closing of the Exchange by the Government is probably due to the fact that such a place naturally brings together not only those who are industriously seeking for work, but the idlers who do not wish for work and who are ready to take part in any lawlessness.



The newly elected Reichstag was opened at Berlin on the 4th of July, with a speech from the Emperor which was mandatory in character and distinctly military in tone. The Deputies were informed, in effect, that the Army Bill was an absolute necessity, and must be acted upon at once; and they can hardly have failed to catch the significance of the phrase, "In the face of the great development of military institutions, the rejection of the Army Bill was bound to lead to the resolution to dissolve the Reichstag and order new elections." The Emperor declared that since the introduction of the bill the political situation had not changed, that the relations of the Empire with the Great Powers remain friendly and unclouded, but that Germany's military strength has diminished during the past year as compared with that of her neighbors, and that, in order to maintain a relatively strong army, a further increase has become a necessity. That the Deputies may not be diverted from the measure which the Government regards as of prime importance, no other measures will be introduced. The probabilities now are that the bill, modified as suggested in these columns last week, will be adopted without any great discussion, the Chancellor having intimated that, as the bill has already been discussed, further debate would be a waste of time. It is reported that the new Reichstag shows a distinct falling off in force and character as compared with its predecessors, and the success of the Government will be due, not to a change of sentiment on the part of the German people, but to their fear of Socialism, and to their division on subsidiary issues. When the Army Bill is passed, it will be interesting to note the response which France will unquestionably make to it in a further increase of her own armament, and it will be still more interesting to note what action Germany will then take, and how long this hopeless and crushing competition can be carried on.



At the time of the concession of universal suffrage in Belgium, in response to a national demonstration of workingmen, it was pointed out in these columns that so striking an illustration of the power of popular agitation would not

be without effect in other countries in Europe. It has already borne effect in Austria, where the workingmen have united for the purpose of securing universal suffrage. An appeal to the laboring classes was issued by leaders of the workingmen's party in May, the object being to enlarge the suffrage in Austria, which is now based upon a minimum tax of five florins, to the basis of manhood voting. To this end the workingmen's party propose a national agitation, which they intend to carry on during the present summer, in the hope of bringing such a pressure to bear upon Parliament when it meets in the autumn as to repeat in Austria the success won by their brethren in Belgium. The agitation has already assumed great proportions, and is being vigorously carried on by pamphlets, newspapers, and mass-meetings. Everywhere throughout the Empire the workingmen are intensely active in their endeavor to arouse and consolidate public opinion. At a single meeting held last month fifteen thousand workingmen were present, and unanimously adopted resolutions demanding suffrage, not only for every man, but for every woman over twenty years of age. In this movement all sections of the workingmen's party appear to be allied, the Conservatives no less than the Socialists, and such is the momentum which the movement has already acquired that, although the conditions in Austria are very different from those which obtained in Belgium, there is apparently a fair prospect of success for the effort. The leaven of democracy is working in almost every part of Europe, and it needs only a few active and influential agitations of the kind which went on in Belgium, and which are now going on in Austria, to give it a new impulse and very definite aims.



Political doctrinaires have rarely had such an opportunity as their brethren in Belgium have been enjoying for the past few months, in the attempt to revise the Constitution of that country. The Belgian Parliament has been literally buried under schemes of all kinds, and the debate would probably have gone on without date if the working people had not taken the matter into their hands and removed at least one subject—that of the new basis of suffrage—from the discussion. The discussion is constantly blocked by deadlocks between the two Houses. For several weeks past eight different schemes have been under discussion in the Lower House, none of which has commanded the two-thirds majority necessary for adoption.—Reports indicate serious discontent and disorder in the different provinces of Spain. Corunna has even gone so far as to demand a British protectorate; the Basque provinces are agitated by sporadic outbreaks, and the Government is in possession of intelligence with regard to widespread Anarchist plots. Altogether the Spanish Ministry, which has very difficult and embarrassing financial questions on its hands, is even more burdened with problems and perplexities than the average Ministry of the day in Europe.



The marriage of the Duke of York to the Princess May Victoria of Teck took place with all possible pomp and ceremony at the Royal Chapel in St. James's Palace on Thursday of last week. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Rochester, and many other of the highest dignitaries of the Church were within the chancel rail. The royal party was headed by the Queen, and the audience practically included all that is most distinguished and brilliant in English social and political life. By the nation at large the day was observed as a holiday, and the public rejoicings were on an immense scale. The attitude of the common people to the marriage

seems to be one of cordiality, though there are some indications that there are not a few who share what is confidently alleged to have been the Princess of Wales's dislike to the union of the Duke of York with the affianced bride of his brother, the late Duke of Clarence. George, the Duke of York, is personally far more popular than was his more reserved and less robust brother. He is well liked in the navy, where he has served for several years, and is credited with manly qualities, good temper, and common sense. When he becomes Prince of Wales he will undoubtedly follow his father's example, abstain from politics, fill his social functions not only patiently but tactfully, and stand gracefully for royalty on all public occasions. It is significant of the present relation between the English people and the monarchy that, while there are only a woman of seventy-four years of age and a man of fifty-two years of age between this young man and the throne of Great Britain, no one seems to know what his opinions on the great questions of the day may be; nor are they, in fact, of the slightest consequence. The real point of political importance in the marriage is that it is in furtherance of the idea that, wherever possible, English royal alliances should be within the English lines of relationship. The Princess May is the only person in England with whom a royal prince could marry on terms of equal rank. It is quite probable that the Queen and the Prince of Wales were of the opinion that an English marriage would strengthen the hold of the present royal family on the nation.

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Justice Samuel Blatchford, of the United States Supreme Court, who died at Newport last Friday night, was uni-



versally recognized as one of the ablest judges on the Supreme Court bench, and in certain directions was the most learned and authoritative jurist in the country. These special abilities lay in the line of admiralty law, and almost all the important marine decisions of the highest court of appeal were for many years written by Judge Blatchford. He was born in New

York City in the year 1820, his father having been a lawyer of note and an associate of Daniel Webster in important cases. The son was educated in the public schools and Columbia College, and was graduated from the latter in 1837. He acted for several years as private secretary to Governor Seward, and, some years after his admission to the bar, became his law partner. He was made a United States District Judge by President Johnson in 1867, was appointed Circuit Judge by President Hayes in 1878, and Supreme Court Justice by President Arthur in 1882. It is said that he was the first Supreme Court Justice to have reached that bench by successive promotion from the two lower ones. In labor he was indefatigable, and the soundness of his views was rarely disputed. Among his more important decisions were some relating to patents, copyright, and libel, as well as to almost every branch of admiralty law. Perhaps the single decision of his which attracted the widest attention was that in the libel suit against Charles A. Dana, of the New York "Sun," brought by "Boss" Shepherd, of Washington; in this an attempt to take the defendant from this city to Washington and put him on trial before a police court (improperly constituted, and from which there

was no appeal to a jury) was promptly thwarted by Judge Blatchford. Personally, the late Justice was a man of vigorous body and active mind, social in disposition and extremely popular with his intimates. Of course the question as to his successor is now being widely discussed. It seems quite natural (though not certain) that the vacancy should go to a New York man, and among the names mentioned are those of James C. Carter, Frederick R. Coudert, Judge E. H. Lacombe, and F. L. Stetson; among those not belonging to this State are those of E. J. Phelps, Secretary Gresham, and Don Dickinson.

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The World's Fair has entered upon the third month of its career with every augury of great success, save the general financial disturbance throughout the country. The artistic success of the Fair is now conceded by everybody, and the visitors who go home from it are carrying reports which are widely stimulating the interest of those who have not yet seen it. Midsummer and early autumn ought to see a national migration to Chicago, for nothing that has been said has in any way exaggerated the beauty or completeness of the Exposition on the Lake Front. The total paid admissions for the month of May were 1,050,037; the total for the month of June were 2,540,389—an increase of admissions in June over those in May of about a million and a half. This is a very encouraging statement, and if the ratio of increase shall be kept up for the next two months, the financial success of the Fair will be placed beyond question. There are many elements which enter into the problem of success which do not appear on the surface. It must not be forgotten that the city of Chicago will immensely profit in any event, and many of the stockholders will, in one way or another, receive full returns for their investments, aside from any returns which they hope for from the Fair itself. Among these investors, for instance, are the railroads, which, in the increase of travel, will be more than paid for whatever amounts they have invested in the Exposition. That the attendance at the Fair is not larger, especially from the South and West, is undoubtedly due, to a considerable extent, to the action of the railroads themselves in refusing to make special rates. Now that the vacation seasons are beginning, and that an army of teachers, professional men, and workers in other departments are foot-loose, a great increase in the attendance at Chicago may be looked for.

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Among the numerous conventions held at Chicago during the World's Fair, that of the delegates to the Building and Loan Association League is by no means the least important. Its object is defined in its constitution to be: "To promote generally the interests of local mutual building, loan, and savings associations." The platform adopted warns such associations against "any form of finance" promising a return "very largely in excess of the prevailing commercial rate in their respective localities;" advocates State supervision of building associations; "looks with unqualified disfavor upon the financial scheme now masquerading under the general title of national building associations, and assuming to be identical with the genuine building association, which is purely mutual in its character and local in its operations;" advises that loans should be made only on property adjacent to the town of each association, and certainly not on property outside the county; opposes the policy of forfeiting moneys already paid in by members on their withdrawal; and indorses the action of the United States Department of Labor in gathering statistics of building, savings, and kindred associations. Great stress was laid by many of those who read papers on the importance

of interesting women in the movement. For instance, Mr. D. Eldredge, of Boston, said: "If the wives get interested the husbands are sure to follow, but the reverse is not a well-established rule. Many men can never be reached save through their wives." Mrs. Mary B. Murrell, of Little Rock, Ark., read a paper bearing on this specifically, entitled "Woman's Place in the Building Association Movement." The statistics which Mrs. Murrell presented were incomplete. "But," she says, "from the associations reporting from six States, of a total membership of 37,543, 12,354 are women; the book value of their stock in February, 1893, was \$2,025,457, and the face value, or maturing value, was \$11,525,289." Every State in the Union has women as investors in these associations. So far as Mrs. Murrell had been able to ascertain, "the first association organized by a woman in America was chartered by the State of Arkansas, June 21, 1880. This organization had a woman for secretary for nearly ten years, and enjoyed the distinction of maturing its stock in the fewest number of months known in the history of building associations—in the South, at least. Within the past few years there has been organized in St. Louis an association controlled and officered entirely by women." The comments drawn out by Mrs. Murrell's paper were complimentary and significant. Mr. Paine, of Cleveland, said: "My experience is that woman is in reality the moving power behind the home-building movement of the United States." Mr. Eldredge, of Boston, added that out of three thousand shareholders in the associations with which he is connected "one-third are women and girls, who are more regular in their savings and payments than men. In a large number of instances they induce the male member of the household to stick, when otherwise he would withdraw and spend the money."

Can the United States Army be used as a great educative force? This is a question propounded by Mr. Edmund Hudson in the "Forum," and answered in the affirmative with a train of cogent reasoning. Mr. Hudson puts the case in a nutshell when he says that what the United States needs now is not a permanent force of hired soldiers, but an effective system of training soldiers who will, after receiving their training, be good citizens. He would abolish the present expensive recruiting service, let every Congressional district supply twenty-five volunteer recruits each year, make the term of service three years, train these young recruits thoroughly, but without social degradation, such as our regular privates suffer, and send them back to the people—where they would form a splendid nucleus for an army in time of need, and perhaps be specially entitled to hold positions in the police, as letter-carriers, in railway service, and in other occupations where discipline and physical and moral training are particularly desirable. Under such a plan Mr. Hudson thinks that the parents of tens of thousands of young men would be eager to have their sons take the training. In some particulars the system would be like the German army idea, but with shorter terms of service and without the compulsory method of enlistment. That reform in our present system is desirable seems clear; it is National, and it gives us a fairly effective small fighting force, but that is all the good in it. It is expensive, it gets the wrong kind of men as privates, it demoralizes them for private life, and there is great difficulty in filling the ranks—20,931 men were rejected last year in making 8,147 enlistments. The moral condition of the privates is indicated in the fact that statistics show the prevalence of drunkenness in the American army as compared with the German army to

be as two hundred to one! The new plan would select a superior class of young men, would keep them free from demoralizing influences, and would turn out every year some 8,000 disciplined, active civilian soldiers, whose services in many branches of industry would be in strong demand. The fact that a hundred army officers are now occupied in giving military instruction in schools and colleges, and the popularity of the volunteer service, both go to prove that the people at large value highly the opportunity of this kind of training. It is impossible to detail here all of Mr. Hudson's arguments and illustrations, but they are both striking and numerous. The novelty of his idea is no bar to its practical value. We hope this "Forum" article will receive a wide reading and will provoke general discussion.

The cable dispatches of the week inform us that the Earl of Rosebery has announced that he has obtained assurance of the pardon of the two professors of the American College in Marsovan, who, together with seventeen other Armenians, had been convicted of sedition by the Turkish Government, and were under sentence of death. The United States Government had joined with the British Government in the representations to Turkey which produced this result. The Earl of Rosebery remarked incidentally that there was no question that the trial of these Armenians had been conducted unfairly. A letter in our Correspondence column will give some idea of the difficulties and positive outrages which Christian Armenians have to contend against. It will be remembered that when the Girls' College at Marsovan was destroyed, more than a year ago, the excuse given by the Turkish Government for the action of the rioters was that the professors of the College were engaged in seditious plots. The real fact is that the oppression of the Armenian Christians is such that some insubordination and resistance to the Government is inevitable. In all movements of the kind, however, the professors of the American College have, it is firmly believed, observed an entirely neutral attitude. The perpetrators of the outrages ending in the destruction of the Girls' College were punished by Turkey, but only after strong action on the part of our own Government and of England. The prosecutions which have ended in the convictions now under consideration were unquestionably mainly a method of resenting the intervention of foreign governments in the earlier trouble. It is much to be desired that the other sentences should be carefully examined, and that the Turkish Government should be urged to release those who are as innocent of sedition as were the professors of the American College.

The announcement of the death of Guy de Maupassant, who had been insane for eighteen months, was not unexpected, and can hardly be regretted, since there was no hope of his recovery. There was not among the French writers of the day a man of more marked literary gift; for, whatever may have been the defects of De Maupassant as an observer and recorder of the life of the world, of his quality as an artist there has been no question. Born in 1849, De Maupassant came under the influence of Flaubert when he was still a young clerk in the Navy Office at Paris, and the impress of the author of "Madame Bovary" was very evident upon all the younger novelist's work. Under the advice of Flaubert, De Maupassant wrote for a long time without publishing, and, like his master, the young man's apprenticeship to literature was arduous and long-continued. This rigorous preparation, however, bore fruit in a remarkable mastery of language and in a singular

forcefulness and beauty of phrase. Beginning to write in 1880, when he was thirty years of age, De Maupassant did not publish until shortly before Flaubert's death, when a little volume of poems caught the attention of Paris, and the death of Flaubert shortly after made De Maupassant a conspicuous figure by reason of his intimate relations with the older man. The young novelist had the advantage of beginning his career with a large mass of material, which had been worked out with the utmost care and deliberation, and the short stories from his hand immediately revealed the keenness of his perceptions and the completeness of his mastery of form. His first long story, "Une Vie," is still regarded by many of his readers as the best work of its kind which came from his hand. His pen had the keenness of the scalpel, and was used with a merciless energy and industry. The side of life which he saw was portrayed with marvelous vividness, but it was, for the most part, a morbid side. The novelist seemed drawn by instinct to such themes as that which gives "Pierre et Jean" its peculiar pathos and its touch of bitterness. Brain trouble was hereditary in the family, and this predisposition was fostered in the case of De Maupassant by the use of opiates, and, it is said, by dissipation. Eighteen months ago the mental strain and the unsound physical habits brought on insanity from which there was no hope, and the mental and physical condition of the novelist seemed to throw light backward upon the morbid tone which had run through all his work.



A correspondent of the New York "Tribune" describes an experiment which is now being tried at the State Prison at Dannemora, in this State, under an act passed at the last session of the Legislature, authorizing the employment of three hundred convicts for the purpose of improving the roads near the prison, and appropriating \$10,000 for the necessary expense in the purchase of machinery and tools. We call this action an experiment, because it is not proposed to extend the employment of convicts for road-making throughout the State. The Dannemora Prison is in a very thinly settled section on the northern edge of the Adirondack wilderness, where unusual difficulties are presented to convicts endeavoring to escape. It is an excellent country to make good roads in, because good roads are greatly needed. It is proposed to keep detailed accounts of all matters of expense, and full records of labor, in order that trustworthy data may be secured. It is also hoped that the construction of a sound piece of road in such a country may prove such a practical demonstration of the superiority of the good road over the bad one that road-making may become much more popular than it now is with the farming population.



GENERAL NEWS.—Several counties in Iowa were partly devastated by a tornado last week; the greatest damage done was at the town of Pomeroy, a great part of which was demolished, while something like fifty people were killed in the town alone, and a still larger number seriously injured; it is believed that altogether about seventy people lost their lives in the State.—Steamer advices from China inform us that the Weiling River has again overflowed its banks, in consequence of heavy rain, and that it is estimated that more than a thousand persons were drowned.—From Hawaii it is announced that a plot has been discovered intended, it is alleged, to bring about the destruction of the headquarters of the Provisional Government by a dynamite explosion and to foment a counter-revolution in behalf of the ex-Queen.

—President Cleveland was confined to his house at Buzzard's Bay last week by a slight attack of rheumatism.—The Spanish caravels arrived at the World's Fair in Chicago on Friday of last week, and were received with a naval parade and a popular demonstration; the attendance at the Fair on last Sunday was only 43,500; on Monday a fire in the Cold Storage Building on the Fair grounds resulted in the death of seventeen firemen and guards.—The Duke of Veragua, who was lately in this country as an official representative of Spain at the World's Fair, has, it is reported from Chicago, lost almost his entire fortune through the treachery of pretended friends.—A United States Circuit Court in South Carolina has pronounced the Tillman State Dispensary Law unconstitutional in some points.



The Colleges and the Country

There can be no question that the colleges count for more in the thought of the country than ever before in its history. There have been times, it is true, when college-bred men have had more exclusive control of public affairs, and have given them more definite guidance, but there has never been a time when the colleges counted for so much in the life of the country, or when their adjustment to the life was so complete. The changes that have gone on so rapidly in college management, schemes of study, and student life, have registered a corresponding change in the thought and life of the country. Enormous increase of wealth, specialization of work and occupation, expansion of experience, multiplication of resource, more comfortable and luxurious habits, have characterized the history of the last forty years on this continent, and the college has shared in these tendencies. Men who lament the old-time hardihood and frugality of student life in the New England colleges forget that these qualities have long ceased to be characteristic of New England communities. Student life has become more luxurious in habit and appointment simply because the home life from which the students come has grown more ample and luxurious. It is idle to accustom young men to habits of ease at home and then expect them to adopt Spartan simplicity at college. The college is too intimately allied with the national community to resist a well-nigh universal tendency.

It would be a misfortune if the college could wholly keep out of this current; for, on the whole, the increase of wealth and the corresponding enrichment of social life on all sides is wholesome and beneficent. Poverty is often a very good school, but no one wishes to go to school forever. It is a wholesome discipline for a people to be born poor, but to remain poor is to be unsuccessful and ineffective. We could not put forth our strength in dealing with the conditions of our national life without either failing most disastrously or becoming very rich. We have succeeded; we are rich in consequence, and we shall become still richer. This does not mean that we are to become luxurious, idle, and enervated; it means that, having sustained one kind of test, we are now meeting another kind of test; that, having met the trial of poverty, we are now meeting the trial of wealth. There is no magic in poverty to keep men good, and there is no evil in wealth—the mischief is wholly in the use of it. The test of prosperity is much more severe and searching than the test of adversity, and many will fail to sustain it, and will lose simplicity, sincerity, seriousness, and moral earnestness; but the country at large has not parted and will not part with its nobler characteristics. Its force and intelligence

made the acquisition of wealth inevitable, but while wealth brings its great perils it also offers its great opportunities.

The older graduate, who notes the change from the severe frugality of his own time to the ease and elaboration of to-day, often feels that such a change is necessarily disastrous. He is mistaken. There is more vulgarity in this country than there was forty years ago, but there is also a far richer and more wholesome life. There are more resources, more pleasures; there is more out-of-door life, more health, more culture; and, consequently, more force. We are entering into possession of the world and of our own lives. Instead of working six days in the week, fifty-two weeks in the year, we are giving ourselves time for nature, recreation, rest, and social intercourse. Our dress is brighter and more varied, our diet is ampler and more nourishing, and we have learned the value of open air and exercise. Our gain in weight, stamina, and health even in twenty-five years is noticeable. We are doing more work than ever, but we are doing it under better conditions. Continuous work in one direction, without rest or variation of effort, ends in physical exhaustion, as unbroken monotony of habit and thought is very likely to end in insanity. We have gained immensely in physical and mental health by the expansion of our interests and the multiplication of our resources. We buy more books and pictures, hear more music, drive, sail, walk, travel, and rest more than in former days, and we are the better for it. We have gone beyond the atheism of believing that rest is waste and wholesome pleasure sin.

Young men always carry things to extremes, and they often give too much time and strength to athletics and out-of-door life; but, on the whole, these tendencies have been thoroughly wholesome. The students of to-day are a heavier, stronger, and more vital race than their predecessors have ever been on this continent. They have more sunlight, fresh air, and muscular energy. If they are taking time for these pursuits which their predecessors are reputed to have devoted to study, they are making it up in greater application; for it must not be forgotten by the old graduate who is tempted to be pessimistic that in all probability he could not pass the final examinations to which these students of to-day will be subjected; indeed, if he has been out of college fifty years, it is even doubtful if he could pass the entrance examinations. Our age is more luxurious than its predecessors, but it exacts its price for increased comforts and resources by increased demands. It specializes work to an unprecedented degree, and therefore the college specializes knowledge; it demands the highest degree of attainment, and therefore the college pushes up its standards, exacts more work, and imposes more rigid and searching tests. In these same institutions where student life seems so luxurious and athletics so prominent, far more work is required than in former times, and the degree at graduation means a decided advance in scholarly attainment. Indeed, the significant fact about college life in this country during the last twenty-five years is the immense gain in educational facilities, methods, and standards. In many institutions this advance has been so great as to be revolutionary. And this expansion of educational opportunities and advance of educational standards has been made possible by the increased wealth of the country. The college has shared in the general enlargement of life. If increased wealth means not only multiplied comforts, but more and better work, it is clear that the colleges are gaining rather than losing by changed conditions, and that they are setting the country a noble object-lesson in the use of money. They are, indeed, illustrating the supreme value of money, which is

its power to set men free from the lower, and give them opportunities to pursue the higher, activities of life.



Thanks !

We reprint on another page the comments on the recent change of the name of this journal which have appeared in the columns of some of our foremost contemporaries. These comments have been so kindly in spirit, so generous in appreciation, and, for the most part, so thoroughly intelligent that we take great pleasure in giving them to our readers as part of the history of the paper. It is no small satisfaction to have secured from our co-laborers, even among those who differ from us widely in many matters of opinion, such generous confidence and friendly interest. Believing always in the constructive rather than the critical spirit, The Outlook has uniformly spared its readers those acrid discussions with its contemporaries which were once considered a part of the editorial function, and it is one of the happy signs of the times that new and sweeter relations exist, not only between churches, but between newspapers, and that a generous rivalry has largely taken the place of the old competition. Special thanks are due to journals which, like the "Independent," the "Congregationalist," the "Christian at Work," and the "Advance," have occupied the same field with The Outlook, for their hearty recognition of what the paper has tried to do, even when it has failed to carry out its ideals.

It was inevitable that a change of name should be misunderstood in some quarters, but it is surprising to find the New York "Observer" declaring with regard to The Outlook, "Under its new name, according to its own interpretation, it retires from the religious press," and then quoting from The Outlook the specific declaration that it will be "Christian, always loyally seeking to apply to every problem of life, personal and social, the spirit and the teachings of Jesus Christ." The error is doubtless due to a difference of conception as to what a religious newspaper is. It has been the lifelong work of The Outlook to destroy that division, which for so many years was prominent in the columns of the "Observer," between the "secular" and the "religious," and to interpret all life from a religious standpoint. That will be its specific aim in the future. It will insist above all things that the world belongs to God, that God is in all history, that he is in modern times quite as certainly as in ancient times, and that life has no meaning or value except as it finds meaning and value in the presence of God. If it differs from some of its contemporaries, the difference will perhaps be found in a sharper insistence that Christianity should become incarnated in law and institution.



Strength Out of Weakness

There are few things so difficult to bear as the consciousness of weakness. It is easy to struggle against our faults so long as they spring from some kind of vigor, and we are always lenient with ourselves in dealing with those offenses which have their root in energy of nature. These faults do not discourage us, because we recognize in them a misdirected force, and we have faith in our power to give that force new and wiser direction; but the consciousness of weakness brings a profound sense of discouragement. It involves the recognition of a real defect in character, and it carries with it a sense of uncertainty with regard to the future. The man of strong will has the consciousness that the strength which has been misguided may itself become

a contributing force to the reorganization of his life, but the man of weak will knows that he has to struggle against a fundamental defect. For the weak, however, as for the strong, there is the same law of compensation; the law under which every possible defect and weakness may be made a source of strength. To be conscious of one's weakness is to put one's self in the way of receiving that which one lacks; for the consciousness of weakness, if acted upon, means steady protection of ourselves against the temptations which overcome us, and in that very act the creation of a new kind of strength. The real measure of character is the amount of moral force produced, rather than the moral achievement made. There are men of fundamental weakness who, in the struggle to right themselves, put forth an immense moral force, and by that very act, although to others they seem to achieve little, they lift themselves out of their weakness into strength. The first step toward strength is the consciousness of weakness. If that consciousness be acted upon, as it may be even by the weakest, then what was weakness begins to give way to a new-born strength, and out of the very quality which promised to destroy the hope of achievement often comes that moral virility which makes the very highest achievements possible. It was the hand which signed the recantation that Cranmer held in the flames, that it might be burned first.



Are Liberals Evangelistic?

A highly valued correspondent, a pronounced liberal in thought, and yet a person who is devout and earnest in spirit, asks us whether those who represent liberal views in theology are as evangelistic in their spirit and effort as those who represent narrower and more dogmatic opinions. The Salvation Army, certain branches of the Methodist communion, and several prominent evangelists are cited as illustrations of those who have been peculiarly successful in winning men to personal allegiance to Christ. Our correspondent presses the question, Are we not losing our desire to induce men to accept Christ as Master and Lord? The letter seems to indicate a belief that, as a matter of fact, the liberals are not evangelistic; to admit that they are evidently interested in large movements for humanity, that they are working nobly for the transformation of institutions and the renewal of society, but to query whether they are not losing that power which results from the consciousness of a personal relation to the Master. We cheerfully answer this question.

In our opinion, the evangelistic spirit belongs neither to liberals nor conservatives, as such. When a careful study of the Christian world is made, it will be found that conservatism in theology is no more likely to produce intensity of spiritual life than is its opposite. Probably no more unite with the Church on confession of faith at Princeton than at Andover; and we are very sure that the liberality of Yale and Union produces ministers quite as consecrated to "soul-winning" as the conservatism of Hartford or Alleghany. Few converts are made by the professors in any theological seminary. If our correspondent had asked whether the intellectual temper tends toward increase of evangelistic fervor, we should have replied in the negative; but that must not be confused with theological issues. Take, for example, some of our eminent evangelists. One, who is known the world around, is conservative and literalistic in his theology; another, almost equally successful, is extremely liberal in his theological views. Neither succeeds in winning men to Christ because of his interpreta-

tions of doctrine, but both succeed because of their personal consecration to their ministry.

Who are the leaders in the "Forward Movement" in England and Scotland? If there are any more spiritual or fervidly evangelistic men in the world to-day than Robert F. Horton, John Clifford, and Hugh Price Hughes, we do not know where to find them; yet all of them are enthusiastic supporters of the "Forward Movement in Theology," as well as of work for the cities. John McNeil has no more influence as an evangelist than has Robert Horton, and yet the Scotchman is a conservative and the Englishman a liberal. Or, if we compare with McNeil a brother Scotchman, does any one imagine that even his fervor is any more persuasive than the inspiring ardor and sweet reasonableness of Professor Drummond? If we come to the foreign missionary service, we find that this "Forward Movement" in England is led by four earnest, enthusiastic young liberals—R. F. Horton, C. A. Berry, H. Arnold Thomas, and E. Armitage. On this side of the water the institutional churches are quite largely in the hands of men who, if they have any theological preferences, would, most of them, be called liberals. The names of W. S. Rainsford, C. A. Dickinson, J. L. Scudder, Judson Tittsworth, only need to be mentioned in confirmation of this statement. If a careful study of individual churches were made, we are inclined to think that those ministered to by liberal pastors would show quite as good a record in this respect as those ministered to by conservatives. In Boston the one church which, perhaps more than any other, represents liberalism is the Old South, the Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., pastor; and the representative conservative church is, perhaps, the Eliot Church, the Revs. A. C. Thompson, D.D., and B. F. Hamilton, D.D., pastors. Both are strong churches, but the Old South reports three and one-half times as many uniting on confession of faith as the Eliot. Coming now to New York, we find among the liberals the representative church to be the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and among conservatives the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Does any one need to be told that the church ministered to by Dr. Parkhurst is quite as eager and patient in its evangelism as that of which Dr. John Hall has been so long the beloved pastor? It is true that liberal thinkers are inclined to put more emphasis upon the need of a regenerate society, and conservatives perhaps somewhat more upon the peril of the unsaved individual; but when the results are studied, it is found that both liberals and conservatives who live much away from the needs of humanity, who construct systems rather than work for men, lose the fineness and fervor of the evangelistic spirit; while liberals and conservatives alike who live close to the sins and sorrows of rich and poor are tireless in their efforts to bring all unto Him who is the Saviour both of men and of institutions.

Our reply to our correspondent, therefore, is, that the purely intellectual temper is as worldly as the purely commercial, and that where it is predominant, whatever the theories about salvation, little is being done to induce men to accept Christ as their personal Saviour; and that, on the other hand, without regard to theories of his person and work, those who are made like Christ by long communion with him never tire in their efforts to bring the sinning and the sorrowing to Him who, in these times as of old, casts out devils, binds up the broken-hearted, and goes about doing good. Where Jesus Christ is reproduced in living men, evangelistic efforts in some form are constant and successful; where theology and philosophy usurp his place, they are intermittent or entirely neglected.

One Side of German Socialism

By Arthur Reed Kimball



THE interest taken in German Socialism, which at one time bid fair to overshadow that taken in the fate of the Army Bill itself, has been concerned almost exclusively with the strength of Socialism at the polls, and only to a limited extent with the causes which have produced it. Now that the general results of the election are decided, that interest turns from German Socialism as a political power to German Socialism as a phenomenon of society. Like other striking, or suddenly surprising, phenomena, it cannot be disposed of in a sentence. Its causes are wide-reaching and complex.

As an illustration of the complex conditions to which German Socialism owes its strength at the polls, take a little incident related by the special Berlin correspondent of the London "Times." Writing on Thursday, June 15, the day on which the first elections were held, that correspondent says, in summing up the campaign then closed: "The public meetings of the last few days have been much more stormy than they were at the outset. . . . In Berlin the chief platform successes have unquestionably been achieved by Colonel von Egidy, whose independent candidature for the first metropolitan district is one of the most singular features of the campaign. A distinguished officer, he has devoted himself since he retired from the service to promoting an ethical movement for the regeneration of the religious and political life of the nation on the basis of Christian altruism relieved from all doctrinal forms. The dogmas of the old creeds are, in his opinion, as fatal to the essence of Christianity as the shibboleths of existing parties are to the growth of an unselfish devotion to the commonweal. Derided at first as a harmless enthusiast, Colonel von Egidy has gradually gained an unmistakable hold upon a large section of the public by the eloquence, earnestness, and imperturbable equanimity with which, more preacher perhaps than politician, he develops his lofty, if sometimes nebulous, theories before audiences recruited among all classes and parties. . . . The popularity he has so rapidly achieved shows the widespread desire to give some expression to the prevailing discontent without going the length of voting for Social Democracy."

To what extent did this "prevailing discontent" find expression at the polls? How fared Colonel von Egidy's "crank candidacy"—as many in America would call it—when it came to voting? It must be remembered that the Colonel had no chance of being elected, and that, therefore, to vote for Colonel von Egidy was to "vote in the air"—to throw away one's vote at an exciting crisis in German politics. There were more reasons to prevent such a sacrifice of a vote than, for example, by a believer in high or low tariff who was also a Prohibitionist in the recent Presidential election in America. Bearing this in mind, the result of Colonel von Egidy's canvass seems clearly significant of that "prevailing discontent." The figures are thus given by the Berlin correspondent of the London "Times": "In the first district the Radical, Dr. Laugerhaus, heads the poll with 5,270 votes, and the Social Democrat is second with 4,070—a gain of 500 since 1890. The Conservative obtains only 2,384, Colonel von Egidy 1,769 (a very respectable figure for an independent candidate having no regular organization at his back), and the National Liberal 1,023."

A concrete fact such as this is stronger evidence of the extent to which social unrest has permeated German life than even the achievements of the Social Democrats themselves. It shows that the trend toward Socialism is not a mere class movement, but that it affects typical representatives of many classes—people who are not yet ready to become avowed Socialists. This movement, as has been said earlier, cannot, then, be accounted for by one cause. It must spring from a number of contributing causes.

Among these contributing causes is to be included, beyond a doubt, one-sided education, or over-education, as one pleases to term it. The recent election must attract to this a popular attention which it has heretofore missed.

Some remarkable facts bearing on an "enormous intellectual over-production" in Germany, as he calls it, were given not long ago by Professor Geffcken. "Taking, for instance, the judicial career in Prussia," writes Professor Geffcken, "we find that there were (October 1, 1891) 1,851 assessors, *i. e.*, men who have not only passed through the gymnasium and the university, but have already served the State gratis for about five years, whilst the annual average demand is one hundred; there are more than 7,000 architects without fixed employment; it is the same with engineers, teachers in classics, mathematics, etc."

The result is, of course, what any one would predict. Educated men crowd the great capitals in the hope of forcing a place for themselves, when openings are few and far between and applicants throng every avenue of approach.

Here is the picture as Professor Geffcken draws it: "Men of university training are, nearly without exception, incapable of any other work. If they do not succeed in their branch, they cannot become tailors or carpenters; they must take to pettifoggery, giving lessons, copying, writing for inferior papers, etc. Leixner tells us that there are lawyers, physicians, and doctors of philosophy among those who are regularly relieved by the Berlin Poor Board. All these men are, of course, discontented with the present state of things, and ready to join with those forces which alone hold out hope of overthrowing it. Nor are female candidates wanting in this proletariat; all those who give lessons in music or languages, who write mediocre novels for low-class journals, or who work for shows at starvation wages, are swelling the army of social revolution."

The facts on which Professor Geffcken bases his description of the intellectual proletariat are well substantiated by other authorities. The official figures of Herr von Gossler, late Cultus Minister of Prussia, extend even to the Church, difficult as it is for Americans to imagine an overcrowding of candidates for the pulpit. Many of these "theologues," as we should call them, are obliged to accept subordinate places as teachers in the common schools until death or some other cause makes pulpit openings for them. The situation curiously resembles that in the American navy, where the death-list is so eagerly scanned for the chance of slow promotion before the dead-line of retirement is reached and passed. Under these circumstances it is not at all strange that the German Government has radically modified its policy of encouraging young men to seek a university education by the bestowal of Government aid.

The same criticism made by Professor Geffcken is also made by Professor George H. Schodde, who has recently reviewed the status of educated men in Germany. Professor Schodde reached this conclusion: "The matter is made all the worse by the technical character of a German university education. The graduates are in their own departments authorities of the highest rank, but in other lines they are generally helpless. They are deep but not wide, and hence cannot easily be used in other lines of work than the one for which they have been especially fitted."

Under the stress of conditions such as these it is no wonder that the ranks of Socialism are largely recruited by university-educated men. This intellectual proletariat is part of a society, at least in a capital like Berlin, where there is everything in social contrasts to aggravate discontent and to provoke radicalism. The picture as Professor Geffcken has drawn it is full of significance. The nobility is restricted in income by the absence of a law of primogeniture, and is dependent to a great extent on

Government sinecures to maintain a life of idle pleasure. The *nouveaux riches*, having piled up their fortunes largely by dishonest speculation, lavish their wealth in vulgar display. The higher officials have hard work to meet the social demands of their positions on their limited incomes. The small tradesmen, the handicraftsmen, and the lower officials have insufficient incomes, but luckily escape social demands. The well-to-do *bourgeoise* constitute the one exception, living lives of unostentatious opulence.

Such facts as these go far toward explaining the set toward Socialism among the university-educated men of Germany, and classes in sympathy with them. Unable to find the work they are specially fitted to do, seeing others supported by Government favor or prospering by knavery, realizing what a burden is thrown on the struggling masses by unnecessary Government expense, they are, and have long been, in a mood to share that "prevailing discontent" which gave votes to such a candidate as Colonel von Egidy, and which swelled the vote of the Social Democrats.



How to Reach Men

III.—The Relation of a Church to Its Community

By the Rev. Edward H. Chandler

What shall this relation be? That depends on what is held to be the real mission of a Christian church. If, as some say, it is only an ark of safety floating on the waters of this sinful life, then all it has to do is to serve as the means of rescue for an occasional drowning soul who can be seized and drawn into it. Although it is supported by the waters, it is not of them, and, after saving a few of the elect who have been temporarily overwhelmed by the flood, it has nothing further to do than to land its cargo on the heavenly Ararat, and go to pieces as of no further value. Or, to abandon the figure, if the church is merely an organization to pick up out of humanity, now and then, one soul and aid it to salvation, considering that the rest of mankind are incorrigible sinners, and that the ordinary life of men is essentially corrupt, with no possibility of being made divine or sharing in the characteristics of the life of God, then a church has no direct relation to its community. It is planted in a certain place merely because there are there a number of human beings out of whom perhaps a few can be saved. It need take no deep root, because it has nothing to do with the ordinary affairs of men. To be sure, it has to be supported, like the ark, by the very waters on which it floats, but it cannot afford to admit those waters into itself, or it would soon be swamped.

Under this theory, the church becomes merely an organization for the holding of what we call "Gospel meetings." It carries those who come within its influence no further than the message, "Repent and believe." It makes much of one experience of religious life—the birth of a new life—and says much less about growth into "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." It treats the beginning of a new life as necessarily an unnatural thing, a strange experience, producing strange emotions.

This theory was only carried out to its logical conclusion by the colored preacher, quoted by Professor Ely, who told his flock: "If you only git religion,

You may rip and t'yar,
You kin cuss and sw'ar,
But you jess as sure of heaven
As if you done d'yar."

But there is another view of the mission of the church in the world which seems to follow more naturally from the teachings and example of Christ. He organized no church, but he gave the few followers whom he succeeded in gathering about him a new motive for living, a new theory of human life, and inspired them with the vital energy to put it in practice. He taught them what the kingdom of God and his righteousness is; he showed them by his own life and spirit how a human being can live as a subject of that kingdom, and he sent them out into the world to transform its life until it shall be like his life, and God shall fully

reign. He said that the growth of this kingdom would be like the influence of leaven in the meal, gradually, though imperceptibly, transforming the whole mass.

That is, he taught that the whole life of humanity, in all its relations, is capable of becoming Godlike, and that his followers in the world are to affect this whole life of the world as the leaven affects the meal, gradually influencing it until it is Godlike.

Does not that show us what ought to be the relation of a church to its community? Does not that mean that the church ought to so touch every part of the complex life of humanity as to transform it into the purity and holiness of the life of Christ? To quote from Professor Ely again: "Christianity is primarily concerned with this world, and it is the mission of Christianity to bring to pass here a kingdom of righteousness, and to rescue from the evil one and redeem all our social relations." And what is the mission of Christianity in general is the mission of every Christian church.

To repeat, then, the first and foremost duty of a church to its community is to *Christianize it*; and this means to so influence it that its life shall be pervaded in all its relations with the spirit and power of the life of Christ. It is not Christianizing a community to do nothing to influence its every-day life. There is many a church to-day which is accomplishing practically nothing in advancing the kingdom of Christ, because it classes among its so-called "saved" members so many who are utterly unchristian in their dealings with their fellow-men.

Christ's method of saving men was to save the whole of them. He healed bodily diseases, he set them to thinking, he awakened in them a new thought of God and of their relation to him. He never suggested that salvation was anything other than a long-continued process. The seed of divine truth is planted in a human life, and the new life begins. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." Christlike character is the result of this growth. Not until that has been attained is salvation completed. And what is this completed result? Surely not some sort of character that is superhuman, but the same human life of mankind brought to its perfection and made fully receptive of the life of God for which it was created.

Why should not the church work in the same way in which its Master worked? Why should it not heal the bodies of men? We have ceased to think of the human body as an unclean thing, but have learned that it is capable of being an entirely fitting temple of the Holy Spirit. Indeed, we should be very short-sighted if we failed to realize how closely identified with his mental and spiritual condition is a man's physical nature. Why is it not a part of the church's duty, then, to touch that? A church ought to be constantly ready to heal the sick, and it ought also to be quite as ready to aid in the physical development of those who are not sick. A gymnasium is a proper part of a church's equipment. A military company to train boys in good habits and improve their physical bearing will advance the kingdom of Christ faster among boys than almost any other agency. A free dispensary and free medical aid may well be included with pastor and sexton.

And let it be said here that it is time these agencies ceased to be spoken of as "bait," to catch people. They are to accomplish just what they profess; that is, they are to improve the physical condition of the community. No one has ever claimed that this is all that a church ought to do, or that it is the church's main business. But the church that grudges a young man the use of its gymnasium simply because he is reluctant about attending its Gospel meetings shows but little of the generosity of Christ.

The church ought to try to know how the people in its community live, and, if necessary, to improve the condition of things. If there is filth in the streets, and bad sewerage, and wretched paving, let these be the subjects of a little vigorous thought and activity. If people are living under improper conditions, or herding together in tumble-down tenement-houses, let the church, somehow or other, work until the wrong is righted. One of the worst mockeries in the Christian church to-day is the appearance in that church as "pillars" of men who are content to draw from

fifteen per cent. to forty per cent. interest from buildings fit for no human being to live in, apparently caring nothing for the wretchedness of their ignorant tenants. Such "pillars" need to be seized as Samson seized those in the house of the Philistine god, and made to lie prostrate in the dust. And the house that rests on them would better fall with them.

It is still more important for the church to set the people of its community to thinking. The more active and well trained are the minds of men, the easier it is to bring about the reign of righteousness. This is not saying that mental activity alone produces Christlikeness. But Christian character is supremely reasonable, and the better one's reason is trained the more firm will be his grasp of the truth in Christ. One great trouble with very many church members to-day is that they do not think anything through.

There is no need of duplicating work which is already provided for in the system of education. But it certainly would be a part of a church's work to start classes in the "three R's," if the need for such classes were not otherwise met. But there are other ways in which to set people to thinking. Young men's clubs, organized to discuss and listen to talks on political, industrial, and social questions, are of great value. "Current events classes" to review the important news of the world, and study the significance of the many movements among men, may be made very profitable.

It is time the church ceased to be afraid to enter into social questions. At heart all these questions are for the betterment of humanity along true lines of improvement. The church ought to be quick to see the truth underlying all plans for a better social order, and to welcome as a part of its own all such truth. Let the church arouse its community to a better knowledge of the right methods of municipal government; let it awaken public sentiment in regard to the rights of labor; let it teach the laborer how to act with reason in his demands on capital; let it show all men that it is working for righteousness, without discrimination or compromise.

The church may rightly be a center for the exchange and circulation of good literature. And by the word "good" reference is not necessarily made to that which goes to make up the ordinary Sunday-school library. What is gained by the attempt to distinguish between sacred and secular in literature? Let the church develop a library of books of the highest order of literature for both young and old, and then let it devise a plan by which these books may be read far and wide in the community. The special need of such a library will be for books that inspire the reader to nobler and truer living. And many books which in the past have been called "secular" will do that far more truly than the insipidities of much that passes for religious literature and is so labeled by denominational publishing houses.

A church must extend widely its charitable work; but it must remember that it is truer philanthropy to train the needy to self-help than to dole out rations. So, in addition to direct giving, it may well find room for a dressmaking class, or a cooking class, or a carpentering class, or any other class which will meet a real need in its community and train up those who are weak to become strong. Until the time comes when the kindergarten shall be as widespread as the present public school system, it would be well for the church to undertake it.

There is less need to discuss the distinctively religious work of a church for its community. Here there has been a wide development, and it is unnecessary to set forth particular methods. It is to be understood that the religious motive must dominate everything that the church does; that is, everything is to be done for the sake of developing the best in humanity, in order to make it more Godlike. And supreme over all agencies must always be the direct effort to lead men to a knowledge of God. But all such effort must be made with a knowledge of the condition of life in each community. And it must be filled with the utmost common sense. Just as many services of just as many different kinds as there are needs to be met and people who can meet them ought to be the rule. Every

one living anywhere near a church ought to be made to realize its influence for good and to know that the deepest spirituality is directly connected with the most abundant practical wisdom.



How Art Students Live in Paris

By Ralph R. Latimer

We will presuppose our art student not overburdened with this world's goods. Of the manner of life of rich students I can say very little, or nothing. They are very rare, and generally live in *pensions* near the Arc de Triomphe. Our student, then, is more or less needy, and he will probably reach Paris in one of the summer months—at least it would be well for him to do so, for in many ways they are the best for establishing himself. On arriving, he will almost certainly go to some hotel while he looks about him; and after a few days spent in this way he will certainly find that he is spending more money than he likes, and will be in haste to make some arrangement for living less expensively.

There are two courses which will then present themselves to him: either he can take an unfurnished room, and furnish it himself, or he can go to some one of the *hôtels meublés*, which can be found in any street in the Latin Quarter, or along the Boulevard Montparnasse. If the student intends remaining in Paris more than a year, the former course will be found the least expensive, and, in some ways, best. It is generally cleaner and more healthful. In the other way, the student evades the bother of buying furniture and of disposing of it again when he is done with it. In the meantime, he has joined, generally speaking, some Académie—Julien's perhaps. Here his life as an art student in Paris will really begin.

He will avoid much that is unpleasant by coming in the summer, when the schools are mostly empty of those who have studied in them all the previous winter. Although the hazing in art schools is very much overestimated, and purposely exaggerated, still it is as well for a *nouveau* to make his *début* with as small an audience as can be. If there is any stuff in him, he will have taken his proper place by the time the older students return, and they will be quick to recognize it.

Monday morning at Julien's, when it is seen for the first time, is a sight not to be forgotten. The working hours are from eight until five, and as places are taken for the week's work on Monday, there will be a rush to be on time. A hurried glance at his watch or a neighboring church-tower will show the student that his first breakfast had better be postponed until the nine o'clock rest, and he will arrive breathless at the *atelier*, and will seize the best unoccupied place, the easels having been previously arranged in rows radiating from the posing platform. Here he will wait for eight o'clock to come, and by the time it has come the room will be full. The models are engaged beforehand, and, if they are there, will ascend the platform at eight, sharp; but there are often disappointments, especially when the model is of the fairer sex; and then a strange scene will take place. From the corners of the *atelier* a crowd of models, who have been waiting for this chance, will advance, and, springing upon the platform, they will all together begin posing, each assuming the pose which he or she believes to be the most becoming. One will be selected by a show of hands; and the derisive remarks and contemptuous glances leveled by the unchosen at their more favored companion are very amusing.

After this the pose is decided, again by a show of hands, and generally after much wrangling among the students. Then comes the *appel*, or call of names for places. It is alphabetical, beginning each week with a new letter. The places have been, as I said, already taken, but they cannot be considered quite secure until after the call, as some one coming nearer the beginning of the list may oust an earlier comer, though, to the credit of the good nature of art students, this is seldom done. "First come, first served" is the spirit, if not the letter, of the law in these matters.

By this time it is nine o'clock, and the student will get his cup of coffee and a roll, and return for the week's work cut out for him.

At twelve will come the hour's intermission for *déjeuner*, or luncheon. The newcomer will find this the time when he feels his newness the most. The others are in little cliques, and go to various establishments in the neighborhood, while he is left to his own devices, and is obliged to deal, in more or less imperfect French, with a bewildering and bewildered *garçon*. A man has been known who lived for three days on bread alone, being unable to make himself sufficiently understood to get anything else, and too shy to ask help from fellow-students.

All sorts of eating-places can be found, to suit any purse: the Duval for the wealthiest; restaurants at *prix fixe*; and modest eating-houses for the poorer ones. If a congenial band mess together, the *déjeuner* time may be one of the pleasantest hours of the day. After five the student has himself on his own hands, and from five to six is the dreadful hour when his conscience will get the better of him. Tired out as he then is with work, and more or less disgusted with himself, it is very seldom that at that hour the art student will be found in an amiable mood. Dinner-time will bring him consolation. He can get his dinner at the same sort of places he has lunched at; or he can, and very often does, prepare this meal for himself. Sometimes a little band of congenial souls meet and dine in the room of one of them, sharing the expense. It was my good fortune to be admitted to such an arrangement during the spring months. The place of meeting was in a small *hôtel meublé* in which many students had rooms, and which was conveniently near my quarters. There were three of us—usually an unfortunate number, but in this case, by a happy suitability of dispositions, the number was a pleasant one. The hotel was furnished with long galleries, opening on the courtyard, with which each separate room communicated. The inhabitants used to pop in and out like rabbits in a warren, or like pigeons flitting from window to window of a pigeon-house. Meeting in the room of one of us, the size of whose chamber and the nature of whose disposition made him naturally the leader of our trio, we would proceed to get the meal. One would boil the water and set the table, while the others would descend to procure what was needed in provender, returning laden with white-brown parcels. Table manners may have been primitive, but wit was plenty, and serious ideas not wanting. When the dishes had been washed, the banjo or the piano was soon called for, and the company seated itself on chairs, ranged, as the song has it, "conveniently close to the wall;" or perhaps they clustered on the bed; and until a late hour song and talk would go on. Towards midnight fancy and serious reflections would begin to creep from their hiding-places in the brain where they had lurked during the busy day, and, while the city lay asleep beneath us, we would carve plans for the future, or compare our different pasts.

Sometimes the art student may visit the other side of the river, and move, like Cinderella, for a while in a world of ease and beauty, carrying with him always an amused consciousness of the difference between his present surroundings and the little room he has left, where his chum sat on the bed superintending his toilet, and criticising each article of "swagger" dress he put on; and in the midst of dinners of many courses he will see the image of himself boiling cocoa, or purchasing four sous' worth of bread at the corner grocery.

The favorite amusement of the art student will be the minor theaters, where acting of the best may sometimes be seen. Let the little Gaieté de Montparnasse be ever held in grateful remembrance by those who have lost there, for a time, the thought of the delayed remittance, or the crushing criticism of the Professor!

There for a franc one can sit from eight to ten, listening to songs by no means ill sung, and after that there will be a little play acted in a manner which might put to the blush companies of more pretension in our cities. Besides the music and the play, a glass of beer or a cup of coffee is thrown in, too.

Sometimes sickness visits the art student; and then the

world looks very black to him. Then the long days drag on alone, unless he has some friend, less interested in his work or more in him than others, who is willing to bear him company, to give him his doses, beat up his pillows, find his handkerchief, and hear him grumble. The evening, however, will bring him plenty of companions. Work for the day being done, a visit to the sick has the charm of excitement, and of duty fulfilled. As many as the room will hold are assembled, and a loud, noisy conversation is kept up. Each visitor is sure he knows what ails the patient, and has suffered himself from something similar. Symptoms are related, and every one talks at once. The invalid joins when he is able, or groans at intervals. Yet, strange to say, he generally likes it, and has been known to entreat in accents of perfect sincerity not to be left alone.

Perhaps Providence, taking the will for the deed, directs for the best the efforts of these amateur nurses, and wards off the natural results of their well-meant endeavors; for assuredly, far more than people imagine, do Faith, Hope, and Charity abide on Montparnasse; and the greatest of these is Charity.



The Greater Glory¹

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER IV.—Continued

"Mon cher," said the Baroness, gently, "his Reverence has waited."

The Baron winced. He was a military veteran and had seen something of life—not much—in his day; he had never yet learned to accept a reproach from a woman without a tendency to blush. And the Baroness was not one of those who accustom you to reproaches.

"I was delayed," replied the Baron, humbly. "His Reverence will forgive a man of many occupations." He offered his arm to his wife with an odd little old-fashioned bow, and the priest, who took life reposefully, grinned a good-humored grin over the earnestness with which his patron created a round of meaningless duties out of the emptiness of every-day squiredom. "There are men who talk in their sleep for sheer waste of activity," the good father was wont to declare. "A better thing, in an ecclesiastic at any rate, than to sleep in his talk," the Baron had once unthinkingly made answer. And then he had filled up his guest's wine-glass, smiling an apology, as his eyelids dropped obediently under the Baroness's dignified surprise.

"Come, Wanda," said Father Bulbius, crooking his arm at as wide an angle as he could manage from the rotundity of his rusty black coat.

But the daughter of the house, a girl of twelve with a mass of brown hair and big brown eyes, drew pettishly away from him. "No, thank you," she said. "You hurt my shoulder last time, squeezing through the doorway." And she ran on in front. "I don't like priests," she said to herself in the passage.

The meal was a simple one; but for its surroundings of old plate and older oak you would have called it poor. These people belonged to that daily decreasing class who cannot live poorly; their pomp is themselves. The Baron would have pitied *you*, not his wife, had you noticed the simplicity of the menu. And even fat Father Bulbius, dearly though he loved a good dinner, was happy in the eating of a bad one amidst the quiet dignity of immemorial pride. Besides, was there not always the "King's Wine" nowadays, to gladden sinking hearts? You cannot miss hearing about the "King's Wine." The Baron was always referring to it.

To-day, however, the Baron referred to nothing, but left to his wife the unlaborious task of entertaining their familiar guest. The entertainment was single; for many years it had been based, by mutual consent, upon alternate monologue.

"At last, then," emphasized the Baroness, slowly shaking

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her white side-curls, and the white ribbons on her white cap, "I carry out my threat of complaining to your Reverence, though I do so with the deepest regret."

She was not really an old woman, by the by, not more than five and fifty, but her hair had been a silvery white for nearly twenty years, and she had set herself early to wear it gracefully. She wished to be old and to mortify the flesh. At least so she told herself and Father Bulbius.

"So far, Madame, I am altogether with you," answered the Father. He always said that to the Baroness Rexelaer. "And, as I was telling the Baron, I cannot understand why my celery is not a success. I have followed out his instructions exactly." He threw himself back in his chair with a sigh, and his amplitude seemed to ooze out all around him. "I have constantly dug it up and put it into something else. In April I took one of my few meat-dishes for it, and Veronica made my life a burthen to me forthwith."

He stretched out his hand for his wine-glass and laughed heartily, and wiped his mouth.

"And the school-children, if they refuse to listen, must be made to feel," said the Baroness, distinctly.

The Father had one advantage over her, inasmuch as he poured forth his words like a torrent, while she dropped hers one by one, as from a medicine-tube. On the other hand, he would invariably flounder astray in his own multiloquence, and then she saw her opportunity and took it.

"But then I *did* listen," he replied. "For in May, according to the Baron's instructions—" He looked towards the Baron. The Baron looked down at his plate. The old gentleman *could* not attend. "And seven-eighths," he was saying to himself, "one dollar; two fifty; multiply by twelve. And seven-eighths—"

"I emptied out my single cucumber-frame for it. And Veronica tells me she is dying for want of cucumbers. During centuries, it appears, they have formed a remedy in her family for some mysterious hereditary ailment. And I feel like a murderer, Mynheer, till your head gardener comes and tells me that the celery is dying in the cucumber-frame, and must be buried in trenches at once."

The child looked across at him with solemn eyes, and spoke for the first time. "I buried my canary, too," she said, gravely. "Last week. But it was dead first."

Nobody paid any attention to her. The shaded light from the old silver oil-lamp played—gently reflected from napery and crystal—upon the four faces round the table: the sallow, serious cheeks of the little girl, and her mother's calm white brow; the priest's fat double chin, with its pimple; the Baron's bent nose, bent head, bent everything.

That little red excrescence on the Father's chin was an old acquaintance of Wendela's. She used to wonder of what it was made and why; but now she knew. For, one day, in the drawing-room—she could have pointed out the exact spot—its horrid little specks and dents had suddenly resolved themselves before her fascinated gaze into a miniature face, like the Father's. She had never lost sight of the similitude. It laughed with the Father's laugh; it frowned with his frown, and all the time he was talking it would wink with each movement of his chin, as much as to say, "Don't believe him." It was a little Baby Bulbius, as she had told her great friend and admirer, Piet Poster. "Priests don't have babies," said matter-of-fact Piet.

"And seven-eighths," reasoned the Baron, silently, with knitted brows, "seven times two and a half, seventeen hundred and fifty. Let me fill your glass, Bulbius."

"And they pop up out of their graves almost as fast as you bury them. If there's too much of them visible, they lose their color; if there's too little, they choke. No; I am very much obliged to you, dear Baron. Besides, I believe your gardener hoped they would fail."

The child had been pondering intently. "It's a riddle," she said now. "What lives best for being buried? What lives best for being buried, papa?"

The Baron aroused himself at this direct appeal. "A great name," he said.

The child clapped her hands with elfish glee. "Wrong!" she cried. "Quite wrong. English sedlery."

"Celery," corrected the Baroness. "I wish you would listen to me, Father. Surely it is a terrible thought that

the children should bring down damnation upon themselves—"

"Undoubtedly," acquiesced the Father. "But, then, fortunately, the good God has made it so difficult for them to do it."

"I cannot imagine your condoning their laughing in church"—there was the faintest tinge of vexation in the lady's tone. The first article of their unspoken contract precluded interruption.

"Mevrouw, I condone nothing," replied Father Bulbius, good-humoredly. "I exact penance for every sin confessed. The less confessed the better. The less that require confession, I mean, of course. The better for the guilty party, for everybody"—he yawned. "The King's wine is the King's wine still," he said to the Baron. He did not care for the Baroness to play curate.

"Le roi est mort; vive le roi!" replied the Baron, solemnly. He threw up his hand for the military salute and touched his wine-glass with his lips. As he did so, an old servant, who stood by the sideboard, saluted too.

"Le roi est mort; vive son vin," murmured the ecclesiastic, with goggle-eyes dancing over the rim of his bumper. His pronunciation was bad. The Baron frowned. The Baron thought his sentiment was worse.

"And what, I say, is to become of discipline, if they openly laugh at the priest?"

"Huh?" ejaculated the Father, whirling round to my lady. "Who laughs at the priest?" And he glared across at Wendela. He put on a most comical look of indignation, and the pimple immediately did the same. The child could not help laughing. The priest had one of those variable india-rubber countenances which remain comical even when they cry. They are made in a limited number of tints. His was purple. The olive-green are best.

"I have been striving for the last ten minutes," said the Baroness, complacently, triumphant in her ultimate success, "to tell your Reverence that of late the village children in the gallery have taken to laughing while you preach."

"But Me—Mevrouw!" spluttered his Reverence. He was really disconcerted. "I can hardly believe—"

"Yes, Gertrude, you are surely mistaken," interposed the Baron, who had at last finished his computation of the day's deficit.

"I am not mistaken, and it must be put a stop to," said the Baroness.

"It is his Reverence's own fault," said the child.

There was a general outcry. "Wendela, you forget yourself," said the mother, sharply. "Wendela, little maiden, how do you mean?" asked the Baron.

"Shall I tell?" said the child, out loud. She was looking at the pimple; and the pimple winked at her.

"There's a hole in the velvet cap his Reverence wears at sermon-time," she continued, slowly, "and his Reverence's hairs stick out in tufts. Sometimes they stick out in two tufts and sometimes in three. And the boys—bet." The stress she laid upon the venerable title would have been unconscionably naughty, had the Baroness not believed it impossible.

"Gracious heavens!" ejaculated the shepherd of the school-children's souls.

"—Marbles, and—lollipops, and things," she went on hastily, now thoroughly frightened at her own audacity. "Last Sunday there was only one tuft, so none of the bets could count."

The Father rumbled his gray locks in manifest distress. They formed an untidy fringe round his bald red head, and he had long insulted and despised them. He now tried to pretend that they did not belong to him. With but partial success.

"But, my dear little one," said the Baron, mildly, "you cannot know these things. You must be making them up."

"Papa!"—she flushed scarlet—"Papa!" In the ensuing silence she felt that any avowal would be preferable to the imputation of untruthfulness. "Piet Poster told me," she murmured.

"For shame, Wendela!" said her mother. "Let us hear

no more about it. Try a fig, Father. They are not as good as Veronica's, but even hers are not equal to the figs of my youth."

"Quite so," answered the Father, who was angry with his housekeeper, suspecting some spite in her neglect of his clothes. "I am grieved, Wanda, by your intimacy with these blasphemous—I say blasphemous—children. You might be led into imitating their wicked ways." He looked quite sadly at her. The pimple puckered up its little lips and appeared ready to weep.

"Figs," said the Baroness, "require exceptional care. They are so apt to run to seed."

"Tush, my dear Father, it is not as bad as that"—the Baron stretched out his hand to his little daughter, moved by her distress—"you can hardly imagine my Wanda wagering her dolls against the village on the growth of your hair." And he laughed softly.

But this was dreadful. Without touching the outstretched fingers, Wendela started from her chair. "I—I am afraid," she explained, in a great burst of tardy tears, "there was just one little bet, papa, the Sunday before last, with—with Piet Poster."

"Leave the room immediately," cried her calm mother, with unwonted acerbity. "Consider yourself in disgrace! Piet Poster! I am deeply sorry to think it could be possible!"

"But I—I lost, mamma," sobbed the culprit.

"That is hardly an alleviation, though certainly better than your winning. You have lost, however, a good deal more than your sweets."

"It was plums, mamma," cried Wanda, as she fled in a tempest of angry dismay.

"I hate priests," she said to herself, in the darkness of her own room. Somehow she laid the blame of the whole miserable business on Father Bulbius's round, innocent head.

CHAPTER V.

THE STRANGER COMES TO DEYNUM

"A pretty amusement, indeed," said the Baroness, indignantly, as the door closed on the delinquent, "for the heiress of Deynum! Gambling with her peasant-boys!"

"On the subject of their pastor's wig," added Bulbius, despondently.

"Poor little heiress of Deynum!" said the Baron.

"You are too indulgent, Reinout. I do not want to be harsh, but there are limits."

"Indulgent?" responded her husband. "Well, why not? I would have the heiress of Deynum enjoy what happiness she can. While she can." His voice sank over the words. And it seemed as if the dim light sank with the voice, and it grew still darker in the great, dark room.

The Father gazed down at his fingers, spread out upon the table-cloth.

"Mon ami, you are out of sorts to-night. Come, let us have coffee, and then you and his Reverence can play your game of écarté."

"Yes," said the Baron, with an effort; "I will ring the bell."

And then, suddenly, with an awkward jerk of the arm, he snatched from his pocket the letter which had been burning a hole in it for the last three days. "There!" he said. He flung it on to the middle of the table, as if it were hot in his hand.

The priest made an involuntary movement to pass the paper on, then drew back again. The Baroness sighed, and coughed to hide the sigh.

"Fresh troubles?" she said, softly. "Poor husband!"

"On the contrary," the Baron smiled somewhat fiercely. "A happy deliverance. Count Hilarius van Rexelaer—so the gentleman calls himself—once more offers to purchase Deynum, as he offered a couple of years ago."

The Baroness looked contemptuous. "Is that all?" she said.

"I suppose he has heard, somehow, of Borck's proposal about the farm."

The lady's pale eyes flashed. "Rather to Borck than to that man," she said. "Even almost rather to Borck."

In spite of his trouble, an amused look came into her husband's eyes. "Really?" he queried, incredulously.

"Yes, yes, yes," she iterated, with vehement passion. And then she grew pale and calm again.

"But we shall sell it to neither," she added, presently. "God is good."

"Beyond human hope or prayer, amen," said the priest, fervently. And as he meditatively sipped his wine, his hot countenance grew solemn with an unspoken prayer for Deynum.

A knock came to the door. "There's a man sent up from the station, Mynheer," said the Baron's old servant. "Fokke Meinderts, your Worship remembers, old Mother Meinderts' son. The second one, that broke his leg last autumn—"

"What does he want?" interrupted the Baroness. She always interrupted Gustave. Her husband never did. "You lose half an hour a day by his meanderings," she had once remarked.

"So I do, my dear. But I gain a good deal more."

"How so?"

"A good man's affection."

"Nonsense!"

"And perhaps"—this a little slyly—"ten years sooner of heaven?"

"Ah!" said the Baroness.

"I will go and find out what he wants," said the Master of Deynum. He stumbled wearily to his feet, and immediately his wife's spirit soared to one of her pinnacles of sacrifice.

"Let him come in here," she commanded. "J'espère qu'il ne sentira pas trop mauvais." Gustave understood French, but his mistress considered he had no business to. And as for poor people, she approved of them in their own homes, where she diligently visited them.

The individual who was now ushered in appeared at the first moment to be a mass of revolving arms and legs. In reality he was an ordinary peasant, confused, bodily as well as mentally, by the Presence in which he unexpectedly found himself. And it seemed as if a few right arms came jerking from his shoulders, as he began:

"An't please your Worship, and the Chief says [*i. e.*, the station-master] and I was to say as there's a dead gentleman at the station that wants to come to Deynum." He paused.

"Even the dead," said the Father, with a solemn twinkle, "desire Deynum."

"Leastways, when I say 'dead,' your Reverence, I mean, as good as, or more probably so than not. He wasn't, when I left, but he would be, the Chief said, before I got here. You understand?"

"And what of this dead man, who is alive?" asked the Baron. "Was he coming here? We expect no one."

The yokel looked down at his great, dirty boots.

"Oh, no, he wasn't coming here, Mynheer the Baron. He wasn't coming anywhere, because he is a foreigner. Leastways was, if he is dead. 'Tis a sin I should say it, but he can't remain in the waiting-room, and his servant wants to get him to the inn, he says. But there's only a wagonette at the inn, you know. And the Chief said he thought—if you were acquainted with the gentleman—it might be better like that, you understand."

Fokke Meinderts looked round upon the company in triumph and executed a rapid revolution, like a Catherine-wheel. He felt altogether unexpectedly successful.

The Baron started up eagerly. His weary look had entirely left him. Already he saw this foreigner—this gentleman—left to die in the miserable open shed which does duty in Holland for far larger stations than Deynum.

"Of course!" cried the Baron. "I am much obliged to the station-master. Gustave! Where is Gustave? Tell them to put to the horses! I will take the landau. At once!"

"But, my dear, you are tired!" ventured his wife.

"My own, there is nobody who can understand him. It is half an hour's drive. Amuse his Reverence, while I—"

The door fell to behind him.

"Dear man!" said the Baroness.
 "Quite so, Madame," answered Father Bulbius, absently.
 "So far I am altogether with you."

CHAPTER VI.

THE WHITE BARONESS

The Baroness and her priest adjourned to the drawing-room, there to await the development of what in their uneventful life was almost an adventure. The Baroness sat down to her nightly game of "Patience," and the priest took his place beside her, as he invariably did, when not playing *écarté* with the Baron. For they played *écarté*. He knew that it ought to have been backgammon.

But the Baron, a mild man in his pleasures, had retained this weakness for games with a pecuniary risk. So he persuaded the good father to stake fivepence a game, and the results of a long evening's contest were practically nil. But the Baron would get irritable none the less over his luck, and many a time had the father confessor decided to speak the terrible words, "No more cards." He never did so, for his kindly heart sent a telegram to arrest them on his lips. Still, he thought it hard lines when, a few days after his sermon (in a mended cap) on the iniquity of betting, Wanda innocently asked him, as if the idea had just occurred to her, whether *écarté* was a form of gambling or not.

Had he suspected for a moment that his patron's foible had led that unfortunate gentleman astray from the courtly society of the kings and queens of the card-table among the bulls and bears of the stock exchange, he would have found it easier to settle the conflict in his own mind. The Baron preferred this large winning from Nobody. He did not like to mulct Bulbius even of fivepence, though Bulbius, as his patron was well aware, was possessed of (modest) private means of his own.

Neither did the Baroness know anything of her husband's futile hunting excursions in the howling wilderness aforementioned. Had she known, she would not have understood, and that, in itself, was sufficient excuse for his not telling her. The Baroness was one of those women who cannot be made to grasp the difference between consols and coupons. All their ideas of "bonds" and of "shares" are connected with a husband and a home. They are none the stupider for that. You could not look Gertrude van Rexelaer in the face and write her down a fool.

Nearly forty years ago—through one crowded, self-concentrated season—she had been a Court beauty. Her father, one of the few great Catholic nobles, had brought her up to the Hague from his castle in Limburg, a part of Holland which no Hollander has ever heard of. And immediately the lovely provincial had become, at all receptions and entertainments, not "a nice," but "that nice," little girl. She stood forth an object of attraction to the other sex, of detraction to her own. In one word, her social success was complete. And one evening, at the palace, a chivalrous monarch, stooping to hand her a fan she had dropped in her youthful trepidation, requested the favor of a dance for a beardless and awkward young officer, who had caught his Majesty's kindly eye as he hung dangling, forlorn, against the wall.

So did Gertrude de Heerle receive her fate from the hand of her King. The young officer turned out to be a distant connection, Reinout van Rexelaer. And a few months later the Beauty exasperated everybody, especially her father, by deliberately spurning from her the well-filled hand of a notoriously profligate suitor and accepting the better-filled heart of her handsome "cousin" Reinout. The Rexelaers always married into the family, if possible, so as to get as much of their own blood as the Rubric would permit.

The pair were very poor at first, to everybody's satisfaction; and they were visibly happy, to everybody's disgust. The "everybody" were a couple of hundred men and women in society; and as few of these were happy, and none of them were poor, they had a right to protest. Presently brighter seasons came to the young Rexelaers, across a period of honest tears and mourning, when first Reinout's

elder brother died, and then his father, the young people shook the tinsel dust of the "Residency" from their feet, and the poor regimental pay out of their pockets, and went to live at Deynum. They carried away with them a healthful scorn of the gas-lit glitter of that bursting bubble which you and I, dear Vicomte, call "our world."

A period of calm prosperity followed, overshadowed by a gradually descending cloud. They had no children.

The Baroness had always been a fervent Catholic. The unfulfilled yearning for an heir deepened her piety into devotion, and, as the empty years sped on, into bigotry. She sank into the hands of the priests, as an invalid is gradually fascinated by doctors, resolved to climb up into heaven and wrench down the blessing withheld. She fasted and mortified herself, and even undertook such short pilgrimages as were within her reach. She would have gone jumping to Echternach, but here, for the first time, her husband interfered. So she stayed at home and sent for miraculous waters to drink and to bathe in, and she thanked heaven, whether it heard her or not, and prayed yet once more for a hearing.

Her hair had turned white some ten years after her marriage. "From moping," her husband told her, with tender reproof, but that was not so, these white heads being peculiar to the De Heerles, as you can see from the famous "Jan de Heerle" in the National Museum at Amsterdam. Baron Reinout never alluded to their common trial, except to rally his wife on her grief for it. Besides the anxiety to spare her, there was hope against hope in his heart. A Rexelaerless world? He had faith in the indispensableness of the Rexelaers.

With the whitening of her hair the last bit of color seemed to die away from the Baroness. Her beautiful complexion had always had the pallor of marble; her eyes had been the weak point; they were faint; they grew fainter still. When the pleasures of this world fell away from her, she had taken to dressing very much in white. Her husband liked it; to her it was a compromise between the rainbow-hues of vanity and the black of religious seclusion. The villagers looked at each other with something akin to awe as the slender figure went flitting between the trees, a vision of pureness, with the basket of charity on one arm. People began to speak of "The White Baroness" in all the country round. Perhaps she liked it. Perhaps what had been at first a natural predilection developed into a *parti pris*. For years she was "The White Baroness," a pure and pallid apparition, very silent, very kind to the poor and suffering, very strong and narrow-willed. She surrounded herself with white doves and white chickens, white cats and white roses. The latter hobby, in especial, took possession of her; she could never get blossoms enough for the little Chapel in the Park. "An infant's soul as white as these," she murmured in her prayers, over and over again, in the silence of the sanctuary, and all the dead Rexelaers lay still and listened. "O spotless Virgin, a little, little infant, with a soul as white as these!"

The head gardener at Deynum—they had a better one in those days—even succeeded in producing a new white variety which he named in her honor. She was very proud of it. Is it not written down in all the rose-growers' catalogues as "The White Baroness" to this day?

[To be continued]



"Ten Books to be Read"

Our readers will be glad to have the following letter to add to those in our issues of May 27 and June 24:

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

Pardon my tardiness in replying to your question concerning the next ten books I mean to read. Between lecture engagements and literary engagements, I have had my time so constantly occupied that I have been obliged to neglect my correspondence.

The list I have made out for the summer is as follows:

1. Rev. Stopford Brooke's "History of Early English Literature."
2. Re-read Ten Brink's "History of Early English

Literature." 3. Herman Grimm's "Fünfzehn Essays." 4. "The Family Life of Heinrich Heine." 5. Cook's "The Art of Poetry." 6. Re-read Björnson's "Complete Works." 7. "Nordiske Oldskrifter," 32 volumes. 8. P. E. Müller's "Sagabibliothek," 5 volumes. 9. N. M. Petersen's "Den Danske Litteraturs Historie," 5 volumes. 10. Sudermann's "Der Katzensteg."

My list is a good deal longer than this; but I shall be satisfied if I accomplish what I have here outlined.

I remain, very truly yours,

HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.



The Spectator

One afternoon early in July the Spectator asked leave to accompany a fly-fisherman on his trip along the shores of an Adirondack lake. Permission was granted, but not till he had been duly warned that those in a fisherman's boat must have patience, and must be skilled in the difficult art of sitting still. Trout cannot be treated like fearless bullheads or stupid chubs. Our oarsman was a guide of long experience, an adept in pushing a boat's stern into just the proper position from which to cast the flies to some likely bit of water. Antoine was of mingled blood—his father a French Canadian, his mother an Algonquin half-breed—not an uncommon ancestry in Canada, and one of which the descendants take as naturally to forest life as does a captive bear-cub when it regains liberty. Antoine had drifted southward, and had become renowned as a guide for both fishermen and hunters. He was of grave demeanor and low-voiced; he was never guilty of a hurried or ungraceful movement, and now when he rowed he did not bend his back, but used only his arms, handling the oars with an easy, tranquil motion. The boat was spotlessly clean, and bright with all the varnished and brass-tipped equipments with which a "sportsman fisherman" loves to surround himself. All kinds of contrivances were here, not only those devised to assist in the sport, but also ones meant to add to the comfort of the fisherman. "Yes," said the Spectator's friend, "I do carry a good deal of luggage, but I find it pays to make one's self comfortable. Each pleasant afternoon Antoine puts twenty-six different articles into the boat. He never forgets one."



We were moving slowly along the shore, and as we went, the fisherman threw his long line and catgut leader toward the bank. At first we passed a long stretch of yellow beach, and here there were no rises to the flies—the water was shallow and unshaded, and the trout, disliking to be exposed to the rays of the July sun, had gone elsewhere. Further on was a rocky shore, where a thick forest of varied trees (such a forest as the Adirondack wilderness can boast above all other regions) came close to the water. Spruce, beech, hemlock, maple, pine, birch—all these, intermixed and blending their foliage in a pleasing variety, bent their bushy or slender tops over the lake; so reaching the unobstructed sunlight and forming a shady pathway for the boatman who chose to keep close to the shore. To-day that would have interfered with our fishing, and we had to be content with the protection of our broad-brimmed straw hats. At regular intervals the long, slender fly-pole sawed the air with deliberate and stately motion, and the flies fell close to the boulders and into water that lay cool beneath the shade of overhanging branches. Several times trout rose to the bait, and one, nearly a foot long, was hooked. Here in the open water it was an easy matter, with the aid of a landing-net, to capture it.



When we reached the further end of the little lake, we came to the broad, swampy mouth of an inlet or creek. This little stream, which came through its narrow, deep-cut, and tortuous channel from far back in the forest, and was the lake's chief feeder, had overflowed near its mouth, forming many acres of marsh-land and partially submerged flats. Deep lagoons intersected the marsh in all directions, and here, beneath lily-pads and by clumps of wild flag, the trout love to swim and feast on the plentiful insect-life. Some of these lagoons were very nar-

row, and the flies had to be thrown with great precision or they would catch in the pads and wild grass. When a trout had dashed from its cover and finally—sometimes after a half-dozen unsuccessful attempts—had seized the treacherous bait and been hooked, the skill of the oarsman was best observed. Now the deftness of Antoine was something to admire and wonder at. In these narrow channels, where the boat often lay partially on a bed of grass and where he could seldom use both the oars, he would yet manage to keep the boat in the best possible position for the fisherman, and finally would reach forward with the landing-net and slip it behind the trout with so dexterous and smooth a movement that the shy fish attempted no struggle till all struggles were too late. For the first time, the Spectator had an insight into the charms of fly-fishing for trout. Before this, fishing had seemed to him but a dull sport. But here all was variety and skill; the result—if there was a result—was one befitting the subtle energy required to effect it—a graceful, brilliant, active creature.



The more shy varieties of wild ducks that bred in this place—and Antoine assured us that it was a favorite breeding-place—doubtless kept out of sight, back in the remotest depths of the marsh. Several times a brood of young sheldrake scurried away as the boat was pushed quietly around some bend in the lagoon; the ugly little grebes or divers were floating on all sides, and at times their young ones would break the silence with an abrupt chorus of shrill peeps. Once a blue heron flew over the solitary flats; its great gray, slow-moving wings, as it passed over the dreary stretch, suddenly brought back a half-forgotten scene—the level lines of a Dutch landscape, where all was still save the wings of a windmill. A mink crouched on the end of a water-soaked log and stared at us boldly, as if conscious that he was safe till his brown summer suit gave way to a heavier winter coat of black. One portion of the marsh was covered by wet, spongy moss, out of which rose light-gray shafts—the bleached trunks of dead cedar-trees. Antoine said it was a cranberry "meadow," and that many bushels of the berries were gathered a little later in the season. Now it was deserted save for an osprey or fish-eagle, which was perched on the slender pinnacle of one of the bleached cedars and screamed hoarsely.



All had been so hushed, save for the cries of birds, that it was an unpleasant shock to hear loud voices that were talking, singing, and laughing. It proved to be a boat-load of young French Canadians who had been haying on the meadows of wild grass up the inlet. They were on their way home to the settlement down the lake, and seemed in high spirits, often breaking out into shouts and rude yodeling. After all, they and their noise were not incongruous to the scene; at her ample bosom, Nature has room for her boisterous children as well as for those that are shy and quiet. When we left the lagoons and came out into the main channel, we found a sunk-bait fisherman anchored there. He was an old, round-shouldered habitant, whose boat, clothes, and complexion seemed all of one tanned gray tint. He greeted us pleasantly, though we were forced to go so near that his fishing must have been injured. In reply to Antoine's inquiry as to his luck, he said, "Not ver' good to-day—only two 'r t'ree leetle feesh. But, by golly, I jes' los' a big waän!" He smiled at his own ill fortune with a gentle tolerance. We learned that he was the patriarch of the habitant settlement—the great-grandfather of several families of children. Now he took his ease and fished, while his sons and grandsons supported him.



On the row home we followed the other shore of the lake, passing again by stretches of beach and boulders, and also by a piece of swamp-land where the red-winged blackbirds had started a colony and were tilting on the bushes and uttering their twanging note. Higher up, in the branches of half-dead swamp elms some large fish-crows were sitting in moody silence, their black feathers having an iridescent glitter under the level rays of sunlight. In a few minutes the sun sank behind a wooded hill, and the misty twilight began to soften the colors of an Adirondack afternoon.

The Home

The Lost Hope

The introduction of the blouse waist, the negligée shirt, tan shoes, and soft hats inaugurated a hopeful period to the optimist. But alas for his hopes! Starch reigns supreme in the negligée shirt. The blouse waist has evolved stiff-pleated fronts, with collars and cuffs that grow deeper and stiffer with each season. The tan shoes moved some genius in chemistry to invent a dressing, and that dream of freedom from care of the foot-covering is no longer realized; like its dark predecessor, the tan shoe must be dressed if it is to pass as correct.

More recently the blouse waist has developed, in addition to pleated front, cuffs, and collars, a broad tie of the same material and lace, and it is starched as stiffly as the skill of the laundress makes possible.

The veriest optimist must submit to the truth that with us as a people it is all for style, and comfort well lost. It will take many years of serious art study to make us appreciate soft lines and dull surfaces; the love of varnish and starch is ingrained.



Some Mornings at the Fair

By Mary Willis

Pictures have made us familiar with the buildings in the Exposition grounds; we may know the names of the architects, of the artists whose art has increased the beauty of the buildings; we may know the ground topographically even, and yet the first visit finds one bewildered. What to see, and how to begin to see it, becomes important when one stands before this wonderful mass and maze of beauty, crowds, excitement, and unknown revelation. "I only want, or expect, to get a general impression," is the remark frequently heard. An intelligent visitor cannot avoid getting a general impression if he keeps his eyes open while looking for the particular exhibit that interests him. It is a mistake not to decide upon what one wishes to see, and see that thoroughly; without this method there will be only a general impression when one returns home. To many women the Woman's Building will be especially interesting, yet one soon learns that its roof covers but a fraction of the results of woman's work. Every exhibit—pottery, textiles, shoes, furniture, jewelry—owes part of its beauty to woman's skill, and the impossibility of classifying the work of human hands and brains on the lines of sex is fully realized. Even in the special art-educational exhibits it has not been possible to separate the exhibits on these lines. The exhibit under the roof of the Woman's Building is of great interest, and deserves careful study. It is a pity that the catalogue is so inadequate; it affords but little help. Art in all its branches has, as the exhibits show, close and intelligent students in women; pictures, sculpture, literature, embroidery, architecture, designing, preserving, canning, feathers, paper, silk, thread, wood, linen, cotton, every tool, as well as trade and profession, are here represented. Philanthropy, hygiene, sanitation, physical culture, woman's progress in every field, are all here recorded tangibly; and the greatest marvel of all is the fact that many organizations whose efforts it seemed impossible to put in tangible form have been made tangible.

In the gallery of the second floor there appears over two doors this legend: "Organizations' Room." Naturally one hesitates, knowing the amount of organization made necessary to collect the work of women for this building, to enter, supposing it to be a room for the transaction of business; but a glance through the open door convinces one that it is an exhibit. Banners are all about the room bearing the names of well-known women's organizations. "Young Women's Christian Association," "Suffrage Association,"

"Boards of Missions," "Girls' Friendly's," "Woman's Clubs," "Federation of Clubs," "Christian Temperance Unions," "King's Daughters"—in all, fifty organizations which might be classified under the head of Women's Work for Women—are represented in this room. Each has assigned to it a space which is inclosed by a handsome brass railing and furnished with chairs, desk, lounge, books, photographs, reports, with a representative of the organization in charge. These spaces become meeting-places for those interested in the several organizations, and, as the person in charge is always an intelligent woman, questions may be asked, with the assurance that they will be answered with full knowledge. The value of this exhibit, managed in this way, especially for women living in small towns, who have but few opportunities for comparing work and ideas, cannot be overestimated. Registers are kept by each organization, and these registers are frequently the means of bringing friends together.

To trained nurses this building will be of special interest. The English exhibit is complete. On entering this room early one morning, the writer's attention was attracted by seeing a man, not less than fifty years of age, counting the dolls dressed in the uniforms of the several English schools. So intent was the man as to be unconscious that he was noticeable. After passing around the case, counting audibly, he began again; this time he was evidently making a selection. After the second counting he went up to a group of women, evidently friends, and announced: "There are 263 dolls in that case, and only four have dark hair; I tell you dark women are dying out." This is not the kind of interest this exhibit usually arouses. It is very impressive, and, even to the unprofessional visitor, instructive. Methods of bandaging, of giving certain kinds of baths, of arranging beds for special operations, and garments to be worn during certain surgical operations and treatment, are shown. The entire English exhibit deserves study. Its philanthropic exhibits and reports are an education to all interested in practical philanthropic as well as charitable work.

The German industrial exhibit in this building is another opportunity for education for the interested visitor. The lady in charge speaks English fluently, and is always very glad to explain any part of the exhibit not understood. The cooking school methods are especially interesting, and an especial feature of the exhibit. The classes usually number twenty, and are divided into groups of five. The eldest of each group is usually one who has had six months' training in a simple cooking course. She becomes the "house-mother," and directs each group in its work. She has arranged with the cooking teacher in charge a bill of fare for her group. She selects one who goes to market and buys what is needed for that meal, whether breakfast, dinner, or supper. She gives the money to the buyer, who returns her account, and this is entered in the "house-book" of that group. The making of the fire, the setting of table, clearing of table, as well as the cooking of meats and vegetables, is the work of each member of each group in turn; to each group is assigned a stove, cooking utensils, dishes, and table, and these remain the property of the group during the term.

The training-schools for servants, both for the extremely poor and the better class of girls, are reproduced in attractive models, as well as the soup-kitchens and the kitchens for the sale of cooked foods. Sewing, knitting, and embroidery differ from the work of our own schools only in that, as compared with corresponding ages, the German girls show better work at an earlier age; they are probably two years in advance of American children.

The cooking lectures in the Woman's Building are well attended, with a liberal sprinkling of men, who show a surprising degree of interest. The lectures are practical. It is a mistake to call this lecture-hall a model kitchen, and it is a mistake to be regretted, because it arouses comment that would not otherwise be heard. It is a hall with a platform on which are stove, table, cupboard, and chairs. New York State will, if it has not already done so, open a model kitchen in which two lectures will be given each

day. It is evidence of the great interest in cooking that these lectures should hold hundreds of people for an hour when the wealth of the world is gathered for their inspection and when time is literally money, as it is evident that the auditors are visitors from all parts of the country and of all degrees of intelligence and wealth.

Another most interesting spot is the Board of Managers' room. Each day at eleven o'clock an address is given by a representative woman, either American or foreign. On a recent morning the address was being given by a woman from one of the Northwestern States on the special advantages offered to women in that State. This was announced on the bulletin. The writer stood at the door and heard the opening sentences. Returning an hour later, the same speaker was on the platform, but she was worn out. Her gestures were incoherent, her voice hysterical, but the manuscript was not exhausted. At the top of the steps at the entrance of the room stood one of the Turkish commissioners, and his face was a study. Here was a phase of civilization with which he was not familiar and for which he could not account. The speaker said, with great earnestness, "I do not believe in a sexless State or a sexless home," and the male foreigner looked about him both alarmed and mystified. The audience, gay in spring dresses, evidently presented to his mind so charming a sex that the declaration of the speaker conveyed no meaning.

It is impossible to specify the opportunities unfolded in this building. From the entrance doors to the roof the women of the world have sent the evidences of their use of their opportunities.



A Chapter on Salads

By Christine Terhune Herrick

The first essential to a good salad is good dressing. For simple green salads, a French dressing is usually sufficient. For fish and meat, egg, and some vegetable salads, a mayonnaise is required. Both are easily prepared.

FRENCH DRESSING FOR SALADS

One saltspoonful salt; half-saltspoonful pepper; one table-spoonful vinegar; three table-spoonfuls oil. Put pepper and salt together in the salad-spoon and fill the spoon with oil. Stir with the fork, and, when well mixed, pour upon the salad. Measure out the rest of the oil demanded and the vinegar, and after all have been turned upon the salad, toss this about with the fork and spoon until every leaf has received its share of the dressing. This will dress salad for three or four persons.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING

One egg; one pint salad oil—the best—never use a cheap oil; one table-spoonful vinegar; half a lemon; saltspoonful salt; half-saltspoonful each of mustard and white pepper. Separate the white and the yolk of the egg. To the latter add the juice of the lemon, the salt, pepper, and mustard. Mix with three or four stirs of a fork. Begin putting in the oil, a few drops at a time, stirring steadily, increasing the quantity as the dressing thickens. When about two-thirds of the oil has been used, the vinegar should be added, little by little, and after that the remainder of the oil. The steady stirring of the fork should be unremitting. If oil, egg, and plate have been well chilled before they are used, this dressing may be made in ten or fifteen minutes. Place it on the ice until needed, and, just before sending to table, whip the white of the egg to a standing froth and stir it lightly into the dressing.

Should the egg and oil curdle and separate, or obstinately refuse to thicken, do not waste time in the futile attempt to stir them to a success. Take another egg, and begin again in a fresh plate. When this dressing thickens—as it will, unless there is something radically wrong with egg, oil, or worker—add the curdled dressing carefully, a little at a time, stirring incessantly. The result should be as good a mayonnaise as could be desired. In hot weather, especial care should be taken to have utensils and ingredients alike ice-cold.

CHICKEN SALAD

The meat of a cold boiled chicken cut into small, neat pieces; half as much celery as you have chicken, cut into inch lengths; one small head lettuce; pepper and salt to taste; one table-

spoonful oil; one table-spoonful vinegar; one full cup mayonnaise dressing. Mix the cut chicken and celery, season them, and moisten them with the oil and vinegar. Line a salad-bowl with lettuce, and on this heap your salad. Pour the thick mayonnaise dressing over the chicken and celery. In summer-time, when celery is scarce and expensive, it may be omitted from the salad, and then it is well to use celery salt in seasoning. Garnish with quarters of hard-boiled egg, stoned olives, or capers, as you may desire.

LOBSTER SALAD

Select rather large lobsters, as there is a good deal of waste about the small ones. Plunge them head downwards into boiling water, and cook for about three-quarters of an hour. Break the shells carefully, remove and throw away the stomach, the vein that runs through the tail-piece, and the spongy fingers between the body and the shell. All the other meat is eatable. Cut it into neat pieces, arrange it on lettuce, and moisten and season as you would chicken salad, adding a little red pepper for the sake of the possibly weak stomachs of the eaters. Cover with mayonnaise dressing and garnish with the claws of the lobster.

Crab salad is made in the same manner.

SHRIMP SALAD

This may be prepared like lobster salad. The work of cracking the shrimps and picking out the meat is a little tedious, and canned shrimps are an excellent substitute for the fresh. The can should be opened and its contents turned out into a bowl two or three hours before they are to be used.

FISH SALAD

Salmon is, of course, the favorite fish for salad, but any good firm fish, like halibut, cod, pickerel, bass, etc., may be used. It should be boiled until thoroughly cooked, but not overdone, and allowed to get perfectly cold. The fish should then be cut into square or oblong pieces, about two or three by three or four inches in size, and each piece should be laid on a lettuce-leaf. Mayonnaise dressing may be poured over it in the dish, or passed to each person. A savory addition is that of a sardine picked fine and stirred into the mayonnaise.

TOMATO SALAD

Peel ripe tomatoes and lay them on the ice for two hours. Just before serving cut them in quarters or slices, lay them on lettuce-leaves, and serve with a mayonnaise dressing. They are also very good with a French dressing and unaccompanied by the lettuce.

VEGETABLE SALAD

This is an excellent method of using the remnants of vegetables left from dinner of the day before—the half a dozen slices of boiled beets, the two or three cold boiled potatoes and onions, the saucerful of beans or green peas. Slice the potatoes and onions and heap all the vegetables together upon leaves of lettuce. Pour over them either a mayonnaise or a French dressing. Almost any cold vegetable may find a place in this salad.

POTATO SALAD

Boil eight potatoes in their skins, and do not peel them until they are cold. Rub the inside of your salad-bowl with a clove of garlic (if you dislike the flavor of garlic you may omit this). Slice the potatoes into the bowl, and add to them an onion which you have minced fine and scalded for five minutes in boiling water. Season the vegetables with pepper and salt, and pour upon them five table-spoonfuls of oil and two of vinegar. Toss and turn them in this. Some people relish the addition of a couple of cold boiled beets sliced.

MELON SALAD

Lay muskmelons on the ice for five or six hours. Open them just before they are needed, scrape out the seeds, divide the melon into crescents, and cut off the rind and green part, leaving only the fully ripe portion. Heap these pieces in a bowl with bits of ice among them, and pour over them a French dressing; mayonnaise may be used if preferred. Watermelon that lacks sweetness may be served in the same manner.

FRENCH FRUIT SALAD

One head lettuce; one dozen English walnuts; two dozen white grapes, large and firm; three bananas; two oranges; half-pint mayonnaise. Peel the oranges, divide into lobes, and cut each lobe into three pieces, removing the seeds. Skin with a very sharp knife the white grapes and seed these (this is the only tedious part of the preparation). Shell and halve the walnuts and slice the bananas with a silver knife. Arrange the fruit on the lettuce, rejecting all leaves but the crispest and most delicate. Cover all with mayonnaise dressing and serve ice-cold.

Questionings

By Jennie Young Chandler

Ah, vanished joys of childhood!
This sweet, warm breath of May,
Blown from the fragrant meadow
And tangled woodland way,
Brings back my childish fancies,
Brings back the long, long days
When earth and heaven seemed glorified,
Wrapped in youth's golden haze.

And once again I wander
Through meadow-land and lea,
And nod and laugh and wonder
As the buttercups nod at me.
Where did you get your cups of gold,
You saucy yellow things?
And do the fairies drink from you
Where the silver brooklet sings?

And you, you deep blue violets,
Where did you get your hue?
Was it looking so long at the cloudless sky
That has made your eyes so blue?
And you, you happy robins,
In the beech-tree up above,
I wonder if your joyous lays
Are roundelays of love?

So with each bird and blossom
Doth my glad heart laugh and sing,
Happy because the fields are green
And birds are on the wing.
I ask not *why* the flowers bloom,
Or why the clear brooks flow—
It is enough for my childish heart
Just to *know* that daisies grow.



Mrs. Foster's Way

By M. V. W.

Some time ago I was called away from home to make a short stay with a sister who lived in a small Western city. Her family consisted of herself, her husband, one son, and two daughters. All the children were between the ages of twelve and seventeen.

One evening a headache prevented my sister from accompanying her children to the house of some young friends who lived at a distance. Their evident disappointment in foregoing the evening's pleasure suggested the offer of my own services as chaperon. This offer was gratefully accepted, and soon we were on our way. I own to a feeling of curiosity as to the kind of entertainment the children had been looking forward to so eagerly.

Arriving at a plain-looking house, we soon were seated in a pleasant room, plainly furnished, but with an undeniable air of cheeriness. A student-lamp burned brightly on a good-sized table, on which lay a few books and periodicals. Three or four book-shelves hanging here and there were filled with books that frequent reading could never render tiresome.

"What shall it be to-night, my friends?" said Mrs. Foster, with a bright glance around the little circle of eight or ten. "Will you have a game of bean-bags"—a pause during which several nodded an eager assent—"or shall Fred show you his new microscope?"

No doubt as to which was preferred, and soon Fred, the proud and happy possessor of a good microscope, "with a one-quarter objective," was delivering a lecturette (if one may apply the word to the brief and simple explanations he gave of the various objects he showed) to an eagerly admiring group. Slide after slide was exhibited, showing scales from a butterfly's wing ("each nearly as big as a real butterfly"), the optical membrane of a fly ("it looks just like honeycomb"), diatoms of varied and beautiful

forms, fibers of silk, wool, and linen ("oh, how coarse!"), and the antennæ of a cockchafer, which they pronounced the most beautiful of all. But that was before Fred put a drop of pond-water on a slide and covered it with a glass wafer or "cover-glass." Then the enthusiasm knew no bounds, for there, right under their very eyes, was a group of beautiful vorticelli, swaying up and down like balloons attached to little strings—only, when the little balloon had reached the end of its tiny tether, it opened up like a cup-shaped flower. How eagerly the group of young people watched the pretty evolutions! Twice Fred had to add a tiny drop of water, to make up for the constant evaporation.

There is no knowing how long they might have peered down through that wonderful brass tube, but at half-past nine Mrs. Foster, who had left the room a quarter of an hour before, returned, and said quietly to her daughter:

"Nellie, the chocolate is ready."

Nellie left the room, to return in a few minutes bearing a tray on which were cups of chocolate, and on the top of each cupful was a small floating island of whipped cream. Some plain cake and slices of bread and butter cut very thin were passed with the chocolate. The microscope, evidently in accordance with some well-understood rule, had been put away as soon as the chocolate was brought in, and after a half-hour spent in pleasant talk the little party broke up.

On our way home, in the car, I said to my niece, "Now I understand why you were so anxious to go to Mrs. Foster's this evening."

"I wouldn't miss going for anything," said she; "we have such good times there. Mrs. Foster always has some special way of entertaining her children's friends every Friday night, when there are no lessons to be learned and the school week is over. Sometimes we play bean-bags, with the slanting board target, and sometimes (when not many are there) we have a game of parchesi. Sometimes Nellie has a good short story to read us; last Friday she read us 'The Remarkable Wreck of the Thomas Hyke.' One Friday night, when there were six girls there and only two boys"—with a merry little laugh—"Mrs. Foster turned the contents of her silk-box on the table and set us all to cutting the pieces of silk into narrow strips to be woven into a fabric just as rags are woven into carpeting. We had great fun, though we didn't work at it after nine o'clock. Then we were invited to the dining-room to have some delicious broiled oysters, which Mrs. Foster said were 'a reward for our industry.' Every Friday night her children's friends are always welcomed, and they are always sure of having a good time. Mamma says that Mrs. Foster has the faculty of entertaining young people, and we all think so, too. She has such a nice way about her. But here we are at our own corner. Tom, pull the strap, please."

I thought a great deal about "the nice way" of Mrs. Foster. When I reached my own home, "Mrs. Foster's way" had not ceased to haunt me; and the only way to "lay" this agreeable ghost was to try to make "Mrs. Foster's way" my own way, too.

Last winter my children had their little Friday evening gatherings, and I have every reason to be satisfied with the result. I know it has amply repaid me for my trouble in preparing some little entertainment and the accompanying simple refreshments.

Why will not all mothers exert themselves to make their homes specially attractive to the young people? It may require a little self-denial and thoughtfulness, but the return for it, an increased love for the home, is sure.

Try "Mrs. Foster's way."



A woman has invented glass doors for ovens; this certainly will be a great advantage both to the cooks and the foods in the oven, as well as an economy of fuel.

It is said that Americans spend abroad yearly the sum of \$100,000,000. One Paris dressmaker is said to have realized an income of \$6,000,000 from his business last year; his customers were largely Americans.

The Vacation Fund

It is impossible to do justice to the appearance of the two girls who came to bid the writer "good-by" before starting on their two weeks' vacation. They worked in the same factory. One was as white as human flesh could be; the only coloring in her face was in her hair and eyes. She wore a trailing skirt of cheap alpaca, which was held in place at the waist by innumerable pins. A red calico waist that had passed its first freshness many days before was open at the neck, which would have been as colorless as her face if it had been as familiar with water. A cloth jacket with buttons hanging loose, spotted and dusty, was worn over the red waist, but the gay hat was the one article of clothing that evidently received care. A conversation revealed the fact that the girl could not sew; that the idea of brushing and cleaning her coat was altogether novel; that she knew trailing skirts in the street were no longer fashionable, but she did not know how to shorten hers. She was nineteen years old, *but had never seen her mother sew*. And she had never been in the country in her life. Her companion was somewhat more tidy, and certainly more intelligent. As she went out of the door she said: "I can't hardly wait for to-morrow morning. I am so tired of everything here. Just the same thing day after day." The white-faced one looked at her, somewhat surprised; she responded to the look by saying, "I know the country; I know what it is." To think that for the sum of about fourteen dollars one human soul should live for two weeks in a world of sunshine, trees, flowers, fresh air, good food, and leisure for the first time, and that the other should go back to the land which has been an impulse to better living, a memory, and a hope, since last July, when she waved a by no means immaculate handkerchief from the back seat of the carryall on its way to the station from Cherry Vale!

VACATION FUND

Previously acknowledged.....	\$303 00
F. N. D., Auburndale, Mass.....	5 00
Day-by-Day Club, Englewood, N. J.....	16 74
E. B. H.....	2 00
A Subscriber, Moravia, N. Y.....	5 00
N. M. W., New York, N. Y.....	25 00
A. S. W., Cambridge, Mass.....	25 00
E. E. A., New Haven, Conn.....	5 00
Subscriber, Vergennes, Vt.....	5 00
E. G. M., Jefferson, N. H.....	10 00
M. M. M., Southington, Conn.....	5 00
Total.....	\$406 74

From the Day's Mail

I noted the omission, in article on "Modern Aids to Housekeepers," to say anything about gasoline stoves, and have written something on that subject. They are in quite common use in the Middle and Western States, and I do not know why people at the East do not more largely avail themselves of their comfort. It is a mistake to suppose they are dangerous. I was the editor of a journal in Chicago for some years (until I became an invalid) which was devoted to stove interests, and I had occasion to investigate thoroughly the matter of gasoline stoves. I ran down scores of newspaper reports of "gasoline stove explosions," and never found one—for it cannot occur. I did find, as stated in the inclosed article, that fires were sometimes carelessly and even willfully caused by their use, but that is done away now. Gasoline stoves are such a comfort and economy that I believe you will be doing a valuable service to overburdened housewives by publishing my article. I could easily have made it longer and stronger, but content myself with a plain statement.

N. D. W.

The insurance companies increase the premium where gasoline or naphtha is used. If either of these fuels is used without notifying the company, the insurance is forfeited.

A young correspondent sends us a communication which will interest others:

In playing the game described in The Outlook of May 13, we used to have at our school what seemed to me an easier

method of telling our partner in the game which book had been touched. We put the books in a pile of never more than five, and indicated the one touched by the number of fingers exposed outside a book or other object held in the hand.

The second player, on entering the room, noticed the fingers first, and then gave some time to studying the books, as though their appearance told the secret.

We used also a game called magic writing. A word was given to the first player, who proceeded to make many flourishes and taps upon the floor with his wand. When he finished, the second player told the word given, much to the bewilderment of those not in the secret. The Morse alphabet could be used by those who understood it, but we spelled out the word by using one tap for a, two for b, and so on, taking care to have plenty of flourishes between.

ABBIE E. PACKARD.

Dear Outlook:

Please allow one who has for many years been used, practically and by oversight, to fine painting work, including the tinting of plaster casts, to criticise the advice of your correspondent on above subject in issue of June 3.

"Vandyke brown or burnt umber with white" could not make a good "cream tint." Yellow ocher with white would. "Mostly oil—only a little turpentine," for the third and fourth coats of same, would be too much of the oil. "Paint applied quite thin and showing no mark of the brush" is not "stippling." That involves pouncing with a square-ended brush into the fresh paint, over all the surface. It would be a very difficult, if not impossible, feat for even an expert to brush over a plaster cast with "orange shellac dissolved in alcohol," and have the fine, unstreaked "surface of old ivory," and the "stippling" could not be done.

Bronzing into "color ground in oil" is not the best mixture for the purpose. The writer might give his idea of proper directions, but would say at the last, Don't try them, if you want the work well done, but get an expert to do it for you, for only an expert can recognize all the varying conditions that need to be regarded to avoid spoiling the work.

Now, Mr. Editor, I've relieved myself; but I often have to smile at amateur directions to amateurs—blind leading the blind.

Please use any or all or none of above, as you like, with or without name, but *don't* let folks tell us how to do things unless you have reason to think that they know whereof they speak—and even more than they tell.

F. VAN D.

A Lesson from the Microscope

By Albert Gardner

"Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?" The modern diver's armor and the use of the dredging-net and other appliances used in deep-sea soundings have invested this passage with a meaning in our day which it did not have when the words were spoken to Job in his little fit of rebellion. Not that we have by searching found out God, but we have learned much about his works that was not known in the days of Job. How much greater should be the effect upon our lives of the result of our discoveries than was that made upon his by the suggestion of things beyond his comprehension! The more we learn concerning the wonderful works of the Creator, the closer should we be drawn to the heart from which they emanate. If Job was so drawn by the reproachful enumeration of things which were to him profound mysteries, how much more should we, who have seen by the aid of our microscopes and telescopes things of which he had no conception, be brought by them to a higher love and deeper reverence for the Maker of them all!

To many of us the microscopic life of the ocean is not readily accessible, but the fresh-water forms are obtainable almost anywhere, at no greater cost than a few hours of pleasurable outing. A serviceable microscope is not necessarily an expensive luxury, and sufficient knowledge is easily obtained concerning the proper localities in which to seek for interesting species of both plant and animal life. The study of them is a source of much pleasure and profitable instruction. It widens our lives and enlarges our knowledge by taking us into a new, strange world. It

leads us into a garden of exquisitely dainty plants, either invisible to the unassisted eye, or appearing to it only as a mass of unattractive green. Swimming and creeping about these plants—which the microscope shows to be no less beautiful than the lilies of the field—are myriads of wondrous little animals, which, joining the chorus of the stars,

Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine,

proclaim that they, too, are fed and cared for by the same hand that made the stars and clothes the lilies. For the observing of some of these creatures, a good pocket lens, costing not more than two or three dollars, is amply sufficient.

Even so low a power as that will afford is enough to reveal a wonderful world in which we may watch the growth and habits of strange creatures, of whose lives comparatively few of us have any knowledge. Many of them may be collected and kept at our homes under suitable and simple conditions that will preserve them alive for many months, during which they can be watched and studied at any time by the aid of the lens. With but little care, they may be made a source of entertainment to those who are at all interested in natural history. I have taken one of the common Hydra—a creature visible to the eye, though small enough to be easily overlooked—and put it in a vial in which there were no others of its kind, placing with it a bit of fine water-plant in healthy condition. There I fed it and watched its growth and multiplication until, in a couple of weeks, my single Hydra had become twenty. Its reproduction is by a very interesting process known as gemmation or budding. From the body of the parent Hydra grows a little one, as a branch from the trunk of a tree. Sometimes two will grow thus at the same time, and it is a not unusual occurrence to find a still smaller and younger one growing from one of the branches—making three generations represented in one group. When of sufficient age, the younger ones detach themselves from the parent stalk, to set up business on their own account, and continue increasing by the same process. The multiplication is quite rapid. The group of animals known generically as Hydra is represented by a considerable number of forms. Among the simpler and more common are two, a little description of which may prove interesting. In color they are usually either a rich dark green or a pale red-brown. In a contracted state they resemble in shape a small globe having on one side a circle of smaller globes. These are usually seven in number, though more are not uncommon. The smaller globes are Hydra's contracted tentacles, and both they and the body are supplied with muscles which give the power of extension and retraction. When feeding, the animal extends itself to a length of many times that of its contracted state. When extended, its appearance is not unlike a slender thread, of seven or more strands, unraveled from one-half to two-thirds its length. In this condition, attached by its unraveled end to the side of the vial or to some bit of plant life, it either gropes about in search of food, or remains motionless, waiting for some smaller creature to come into contact with its outreaching arms. In unconscious security comes its victim. It touches one of the tentacles, and there it must stay, for a sufficiently high magnifying power shows that Hydra is covered with minute stings which paralyze and kill the tiny things which constitute its food.

The creature seems to be cruel—but God made it, and made it for a purpose which it fulfills. The smaller things are its natural food. When the captive is attached to one of the tentacles, the others come into play, and, slowly folding around it, convey it to the mouth, situated at the base of the arms. We may find a lesson in the little Hydra and its habits. God made it, as he did the larger and higher forms of life. He supplied it with the means of taking food suitable for it. That the means provided should seem to us cruel is no argument against either the goodness or tenderness of the Creator. It seems to be a law of life that many animals, and man as well, should exist mainly at the cost of physical pain to some weaker crea-

ture. Why it should be so we may not know. It should be enough that all such things are in the hands of Him whose ways are, for us, "past finding out."

If we have eyes to see and hearts to understand, we may learn many lessons from the study of the various forms of microscopic pond-life. The impressions made by a consideration of their habits will probably prove more acute than those caused by manifestations of similar character common and familiar to us. In events and actions of frequent occurrence we easily lose sight of the very elements which in some unfamiliar life would be most noticeable. Some little experience, then, in these unfamiliar paths will probably suggest to us meanings in life's problems that would be overlooked in similar occurrences in the lines of our every-day experiences. The suggestions of God's care for the creatures he has made will be but a part of the way in which we may see in these little lives the manifestation of the wonderful works of His hand who hath made the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fish, and "whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea."

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small.
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.



"A Lad—Dismissed"

By Mary Tappan Wright

In Six Parts—II.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not.

—Old Song.

Without making another sound, Tom rose up in the wagon, and, waving his hat three times around his head, drove off standing; it seemed more heroic, and he felt as if he had just been knighted.

The presence of Warren had evidently been noted by the guardian of the Neck at the "Sun Tavern," for Tom crossed and drove along the deserted streets of Charlestown unquestioned. It was quite dark by this time, and when he had delivered his message and left the wagon as directed, he took his gun and trudged up the hilly street to make a tour of inspection about his mother's property. Satisfied as to the safety of what remained in the house, he locked the door and went towards the barn.

It had been the scene of many a boyish romp; it had been an arsenal, a fortress, and the general storage-place for a little company of Charlestown lads who, under Tom's command, spent their leisure-time in playing at being soldiers.

There was an old Massachusetts marine flag and a pot of dark-blue paint among the treasures he had there. He had kept them for a long time; the paint was very thick and the flag was in tatters, but the possession of them had implied great possibilities, and he fancied that the hour had come when they might be made useful.

"I am not going to leave these for the British!" he said to himself, and, picking them up, began to climb the hill through the narrow orchard at the back of the house. Beyond the orchard was a broad, sloping meadow where the grass was still uncut; he toiled through it with difficulty, and, after a sharp run up a steep bank, reached the top of what was then called Breed's Hill. Crossing a level space, he put down his heavy musket, and, bestowing his flag and his paint-pot carefully under the gnarled root of an old apple-tree, flung himself panting on the ground. But for another tree at a distance of some ten or fifteen feet, the top of the hill was bare, and from where Tom was lying it sloped again rapidly northward to the marshy banks of the Mystic River. The grass in the fields on this side had been cut and stacked. To the east, beyond the low mound of Moulton's Point at the end of the peninsula, he could see the lights of a British man-of-war in Boston Harbor. To the northwest, Bunker Hill rose

softly rounding against the sky, and both it and Breed's Hill were divided by fences of stone or rail into great irregular pastures. One of these fences ran down Breed's Hill, from a little back of where Tom was lying, straight to the Mystic River. When he had sufficiently rested, Tom went and examined it, making up his mind to hide there if Asa were to drive him from the intrenchments which he expected would be made at Bunker Hill. Gathering three or four great armfuls of hay from the neighboring fields, he prepared himself a bed in the fence-corner, and then, taking his musket, he strolled back over the broad turnpike which led across Bunker Hill.

Once at the top, Tom threw himself again in the long grass to wait. In the clear starlight the Cambridge road glimmered, a pale gray line, on the other side of the mill-pond at the foot of the hill. The whole country was silent but for the croak of the frogs in the marshes below, and Tom could almost hear the lapping of the returning tide. He clasped his hands behind his head, and, lying on his back, looked up at the large bright summer stars; about him the grasses whispered faintly in the soft breezes that came in little puffs from the sea. He was reviewing the events of the day, and his dreams were full of Warren. Ever since, in the early morning, Tom had heard him say that in case of hard fighting he meant to join the troops, the boy had determined to be at his side. Since the fifth of the previous March, Warren had occupied Tom's imagination to the exclusion of all other heroes, ancient and modern. He had seen the young man fearlessly enter the Old South Church, by the window behind the platform, and there, through his eloquence and personal courage, silence the crowd of British officers and men who had come, with threats of hanging the orator, purposely to create a disturbance. He had gazed after him entranced as he swept by on his beautiful black horse, incessantly active in public affairs; and as he thought of the morrow his mind was full of deeds of valor, wherein, at a sacrifice of his own life, he would save that of his chief and merit the everlasting gratitude of his country.

A clock in a house near the foot of the hill began to strike; he sat up to count the strokes. "Seven—eight—nine—ten!" he said aloud; but what was that continuing—Thud, thud, in the distance? For a moment he thought it was another clock; but down on the opposite side of the pond two tiny glows of light appeared, steadily advancing. In front of them the gray streaks of road still lay dim in the starlight; behind them it was gone.

"It is the troops from Cambridge," Tom murmured.

As the lights approached, they broadened out into two long backward-streaming rays. "They have closed the slides of the dark-lantern in front," said Tom to himself, after he had watched awhile the metallic gleams thrown from the sword-hilts and gun-barrels of the dark mass of men that stretched almost back to Cobble Hill. There were about twelve hundred of them, but save the muffled thud of feet not a sound came upward; there were no murmur of voices, no sharp tones of command; and although Tom knew who they were, knew them almost man by man, even down to the two grizzled sergeants who carried the dark-lanterns at the head of the troops, he shuddered with a sense of mystery and foreboding. "They are like a regiment of statues," he thought, "and to-morrow they may be all dead men!" On the Charlestown Common they halted, and one or two heavy carts rumbled up behind them. "There comes Asa and the rest with the intrenching tools. They are going to give them out."

Part of the men gathered about the carts, and a small company of officers started up the road over the hill. Tom lay quiet in the grass and let them pass him. They were discussing hotly but with bated voices the propriety of intrenching the spot where they were then standing. "It is too far from Boston," one of them said; "better take Breed's Hill, further on." "That were folly!" whispered another; "the position is too exposed."

"No matter what is done there, the position here must be fortified; else, in case of retreat, what have we to fall back upon?" said a third.

They began to move about, taking measurements, and

Tom, in fear of detection, hurried down the side of the hill out of their sight, and, coming up further along, retired to the fence-corner where he had made his bed of hay. Here he dozed and waited for the sound of picks on Breed's Hill, but none came. Occasionally against the sky he could see a man's figure moving in dim outline, nothing more; hours seemed to be passing. "They will quarrel over there until daybreak!" he muttered.

At last a little party of men came down the road towards Breed's Hill. It was the same company of officers, still talking in low tones, still discussing endlessly the location of the intrenchments. Finally one of them stepped from the rest, and, with an assistant, began measuring and marking out the little plateau to which Tom had climbed on first leaving Charlestown. Another went back and returned with the greater portion of the troops. They had broken step and came down the hill at a lounging gait, their long muskets and fowling-pieces slanting across their shoulders this way and that, with little evidence of drill or discipline. Silent, grim, every man his own master, they surrounded the carts which had rolled up softly on the grass at the roadside, and, taking from them their picks and spades, set to work.

From his hiding-place in the corner Tom heard Colonel Prescott detail a small party of men to patrol the town, and, to his great delight, Asa Pollard was one of them. They started down the hill from a point very near where the boy was lying, and, by dint of creeping behind the stone fence, he managed to slip after them unobserved until they had almost reached the foot of the hill. Here Asa, who was looking restlessly from side to side, discovered him. "I thought so," he muttered, and strode in Tom's direction. "Go back!" he said, sternly, but in a whisper.

"You have no right to command me," said Tom, stubbornly. "I mean to stay."

"I am your mother's cousin," said Asa, "and you shall do as I tell you. Go back!"

"I shall not!" An angry discussion followed, which ended, however, in the boy's obtaining permission to walk with the patrol until they were recalled to the intrenchments.

Entering Charlestown, they strolled along the walls and lower streets, watching the little city across the river. It seemed impossible that neither the sentries patrolling Boston, nor the watch on board the man-of-war, half-way across the Charles, should hear the sounds of labor going on at the top of Breed's Hill; but the black water stretched out smoothly towards the colored lights at the bow and stern of the Lively, and the clear, faint "*All's well!*" came over from the other side as the sentries, with glimmering lanterns, pursued their rounds in false security.

From time to time Colonel Prescott himself came down to satisfy his mind that no alarm had been given, and a little before four o'clock the patrol was recalled to the redoubt; here Asa insisted that Tom should turn his face towards Cambridge.

"I shall be challenged and sent back by the first sentry I meet," objected Tom.

"You will not," said Asa. "They all know you, and will be too glad to be quit of you!"

They had climbed the hill at almost the same spot that Tom had chosen the evening before, and just above the sudden steep ascent of ground the embankment of the redoubt loomed in the dim light, already nearly six feet high. Skirting the hill, they ascended the more gradual slope on the northern side; crossing, in order to gain it, a long breastwork, now not more than half completed, which extended north and south outside of and east of the redoubt. The two great apple-trees were on the north of the intrenchments, and at each one, in an embrasure, cannon were planted. Turning towards an open passageway, or sally-port, also on the northern side of the redoubt, Asa moved his hand in a gesture of farewell, and Tom, without responding to it, marched sullenly onward in the direction of the rail fence.

The rail fence was some distance back, and on reaching it Tom looked behind him. It was just dawn, but as yet nothing was very clear. Asa and the rest of the patrol had

disappeared. Determined not to go to Cambridge if he could help it, Tom quickly climbed over the fence, and, dropping upon the hay in the corner, crouched down out of sight.

It was a soft bed, and the tired boy was soon fast asleep. A little old moon, pale and wan, was slowly fading in the delicately tinted eastern sky; and soon the round red edge of the sun came up over the islands in the shining harbor. But Tom was unconscious of the daybreak.



Sunday Afternoon

Our Master¹

By Lyman Abbott

And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is God.—St. Mark x., 18.

Most of you will remember the incident. Jesus Christ is journeying with his disciples. A rich young ruler, probably of the synagogue—what we would call an elder or deacon in our time—comes running to him in great earnestness, kneels in the dust at his feet in humility, addresses him in terms of reverence, Good Master, and asks him the way to life—What shall I do to inherit eternal life? To him Christ gives at first this response: Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is God. The young man makes no answer. Some of our Unitarian friends hold that this incident is an evidence that Jesus Christ does not claim divinity, even disclaims it. I think our Unitarian friends fail to recognize the play of Christ's mind; fail to recognize that in a great many instances Christ teaches first by drawing the pupil out. We are just in these later days coming to discover that that is the best way to teach. We have not learned it yet in the church, though they have learned it in colleges. Why do you call me good? Christ says; there is no one good but God. And the young man is silent. He does not know why he has called him good. The phrase has tripped off his tongue as an expression of respect. He cannot answer the question. I have wondered sometimes if there are not many in the orthodox Church to-day who could not answer that question. I want to try to answer it—a little. I am not going to try to give the reasons why we call Christ our Master; still less am I going to frame arguments against those who do not call him their Master. My object is not polemical; it is not even constructive: it is simply explanatory. I wish to tell you this morning why I call Christ my Master—as I do; I wish to tell you why I think we members of Plymouth Church, and we the members of the larger Church that gather around the banner of Christ, call Christ our Master. What do we mean by it? Creeds, my friends, are very good if they are the expressions of our own belief, and they are very bad if they are the expressions of the belief which we insist upon it that some one else shall entertain. I wish to formulate a creed this morning—not telling you what you must believe, or any one must believe, but only trying to tell you what you and I do believe.

A young man studies art, and he says, I count Titian or Raphael or Van Dyck my master; or a young man studies literature, and he says, I count Addison or Thackeray my master; or he studies dramatic literature and undertakes to frame dramas, and he says, I count Shakespeare my master. What does he mean? Certainly not that, as an artist, he is going to copy the works of Titian or Raphael or Van Dyck simply; certainly not that, as a monkish copyist, he is going to make manuscript copies of Addison or Thackeray or Shakespeare. Something far deeper and larger than this. Not that he is a copyist, but that he is going to try and embody the idea and understand the principles of the artist or the writer or the dramatist, and then, in his own form, in his own methods, in his own way, embody those in his own work. This, broadly speaking, is what we mean by saying of any man, He is our master.

Let us look at this a little and apply it a little more closely and see what we mean when we say to Christ, Good Master.

In the first place, then, there are some of our brethren who count the Church their master. Whatever the Church says is final, authoritative. Even if the Church says there is no authority in the Church, that settles it that there is no authority in the Church. It is settled by the authority of the Church. Our Roman Catholic brethren count the Pope their master. Whatever he *ex cathedra* declares, that is final; whatever he *ex cathedra* commands, that is to be obeyed. Some of our Presbyterian friends assert that what was said in the sixteenth century by the Westminster assembly of divines is final; that determines the truth; no man must go back of that; and some others of them consider that what the General Assembly in the nineteenth century says the sixteenth-century divines meant is final; there is nothing back of that. I was told last week of a gentleman who has on his book-shelves a long row of the reports of the Presbyterian General Assemblies, beginning from the organization down to the day of the date of these presents; and if he wants to know the truth on any subject, he takes down the report of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and that determines it for him. The Church is his master. Now, we do not recognize the Church as our master. We welcome all that the Church has to say and all that all the Churches have to say. We are glad of what we can get from the Roman Catholic Church and from the Protestant Church, from the Episcopal Church and the Quaker meeting-house, from the orthodox Church and from the heterodox Church. We are glad of what we can get from the Arminian Church and from the Calvinistic Church. All Churches minister to us. We welcome what all Churches and all prophets have to say, whosoever they may be and whencesoever they may come. But the Church and all the Churches combined together are not our master. We decline to follow the leadership of any organization, be it what it may, on the earth.

Some of our brethren take the Bible as their Master. Whatever the Bible says, that is final and conclusive. And, if you will consider a moment, that is taking a good many masters. It is taking Moses and David and Isaiah and Paul. It is taking James and John. It is taking also the unknown writers of Kings and Chronicles and Esther and Ruth and Job and the Song of Songs and Ecclesiastes. James says, "My brethren, be not many masters." The man who takes the Bible for his master takes a great many masters.

Now, speaking for myself, and I think I may say speaking broadly for Plymouth Church, we do not take the Bible for our master. We maintain the right and the duty of taking all the utterances of the Bible for the inspiration they will bring, for the guidance they will afford, for the light they will throw upon the problems of our life. But the Bible is not our master. Christ is our Master. Not what other people think about Christ; not the interpretation which other men have put upon Christ; not even the interpretations which we have ourselves put upon Christ—as though these were final and we could never go beyond them: but Christ—a Christ whom we are always growing to and never yet have reached; a Christ whom we are always studying and never yet have comprehended; a Christ whom we are always loving and never yet have fully reached. Christ is our Master. We are not left simply to the guidance of our own unaided judgment; we have a guide. We are not fighting a battle as individual sharpshooters; we are in an army commanded by One whose law, if we can find it, is absolute and final law to us. We are at a school; when we understand what our teacher says, we believe him explicitly. We are on a pilgrimage; we follow this leader absolutely; sometimes we are deceived as to the form, sometimes we mistake the path he has taken; but if we see him, and know the way he takes, we have no fear, but follow where he leads.

So we bring to this Christ, to be tested, all philosophies of the moral and religious life. When our temperance friend says to us, If Jesus Christ made wine and drank wine, he is no Christ for me, we at once dissent; we believe

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that the example and the teaching of Jesus Christ on the temperance question, if we can understand them, are of more value than all the theories of modern reformers; we believe that he understood what was the generic principle that was to govern mankind in this matter, and we accept the teaching of his words and his life. We are not afraid to follow his leadership. Another friend says, Christianity is not practicable; it is a beautiful theory, but it won't work. We believe that Christianity is practicable. We believe that Jesus Christ came to teach men how they are to live upon the earth. We believe that brotherhood is not the mere ideal of a poet. We believe that Christ is an architect, and we believe in the principles of his architecture. We believe that nothing is practicable but Christianity. And the reason why there are the quarrels and the contentions and the bitternesses and the strifes in life is because men have not yet learned practically how to live; and the one teacher who has taught what is practicable in the world is Jesus Christ, the world's Redeemer, the world's Life-giver. By Jesus Christ we test all theologies—by what he was, by what he did, by what he said. We take, for example, his one declaration that is the keynote to his conception of God, "Our Father," and then we take the conception of fatherhood which human life affords us, and by that fatherhood, looking through that fatherhood, interpreting according to that fatherhood, we understand our God; and when any theology comes to us, enforced by whatever decree of council, or of presbytery, or of assembly, or by whatever writer of theologies, or by whatever words of Scripture, if it sets aside the fatherhood of God, or teaches that he loves all the human race with less love than a father loves all his children, or follows the erring and the sinful with a patience and a pity that have less of suffering love than the patience and the pity of the true father's heart, we set it all aside. For Christ is our Master, and what he teaches of the Eternal Father we accept, and whatever impinges against his teaching and sets it aside we refuse to accept. So by Christ and his teaching we test all the utterances of the Bible. We take all prophetic utterances as something that leads toward Christ, and all apostolic utterances as something that interprets Christ. When we find Moses saying, An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, we do not take Moses for our Master, we take Christ. And when we find one of the old psalmists saying, Blessed is he that shall dash thy little ones against the stones, and Christ saying, Love those that persecute you, and do good to those that use you despitefully, we take Christ for our Master, not that old imprecation in that old Hebraic psalm. That we take as a witness to the state of passionate revenge out of which the love of God in Jesus Christ, our Lord has lifted men up. We are thankful for the revelation, because we are glad to see into what men would fall—good men, pious men, devout men, godly men—if there were no Christ in the world to teach them better things.

We take Christ as our Master, and we believe his teaching to be practicable; but we take him as a Master who has not given us rules and regulations by which we must walk and according to which we must conform ourselves. We think that fundamental in his teaching which Paul has expressed in the phrase, "The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh life." What I said a few moments ago I repeat now, no longer as an illustration: Christ is our Master, but we are not copyists of Christ. We are not set simply to paint the picture that Christ has painted. We are to get the spirit of Christ and apprehend the principle of Christ, and apply these to our own lives and in our own experiences. When he says, "If one smite thee on the right cheek, turn the other also," we do not think, on the one hand, that we are to turn the other cheek when we have been knocked down by a rough, nor, on the other hand, that in so doing we have fulfilled Christ's law. When we read the parable of the good Samaritan, we do not think wine and oil are the only medicines to be used in our time, or that we are to carry the wounded to an inn instead of to a hospital, or that two cents is enough to pay for hotel bills. In other words, we do not follow the letter, because the letter strangles the spirit. We believe that Christ has given us great principles of action, and those great principles of action we are

to apply in our own time. And, more than principles of action, we believe that he has embodied and represented a spirit of life, and that spirit of life we are to embody and incarnate in our own life. In one word, that spirit of life is love. Love showing itself in patience under injury; love showing itself in heroism under danger; love showing itself in self-sacrifice for others; love showing itself in ministrations to the weak and to the needy; love showing itself in various forms, under various circumstances—but always love. We interpret, therefore, the precepts of Christ by the life of Christ. When we read, Resist not evil, we do not forget that Christ drove the traders from the Temple with a whip of small cords. When we read, Give to him that asketh of thee, we do not forget that he turned more than one man away that came to him seeking spiritual benefit, but refusing to comply with the condition on which alone the gift could be bestowed. In other words, we understand the spirit of Christ's instruction when he says, Give to him that would ask of thee, to be consideration for and bestowment upon those that need. On the one hand, we are not required to give to every beggar on the street, and, on the other hand, if we wait for men who have need to come to us, we do not obey the spirit of him who came to seek, as well as to save, that which was lost.

We recognize Christ as our Master because he is a good Master. That is, we recognize him as a Master because of his goodness. Goodness is divineness, and love is goodness, for God is love. And wherever we see goodness we see divinity. When a theologian says, The divineness in man differs from that of Christ in kind, not merely in degree, we do not know what he means. Divineness is the same in kind everywhere. There are not two kinds of divineness in the universe. The divineness in man is the same as the divineness in God. Righteousness in man, and patience and love and pity and mercy, are the same as those attributes in Jesus Christ, and the same as those attributes in God. Goodness is divine everywhere. Whether it is the heroism of the engineer standing at the engine holding the throttle-valve in his hand and going down to death that he may save the passengers intrusted to him; whether it is the nurse in the hospital counting her beads and worshiping the Virgin, but pouring out her life in pity and patience for the needy; whether it is the soldier in the battle-field pouring out his life-blood for liberty and for his native land; whether it is the merchant going down to bankruptcy and poverty that he may leave his children an untarnished honor; whether it is the wife rocking the cradle of her babe, or watching by the sick-bed of her child, or pouring out her life into him and for him when erring and wandering into vice, and by her love bringing him back at last and anchoring him to truth and righteousness—wherever we hear of courage or patience or heroism or fidelity, we see some glimpse and some scintillation of Almighty God. But we see all this goodness gathered into and represented in the one Jesus Christ as in a microcosm. So that when one asks us, What do you mean by goodness? we answer, We mean Christ. That is what we mean by the divinity of Jesus Christ. We waste no time in designating the relations of this Christ to the Everlasting Father; we frankly say, We do not know. It is enough for us that when we seek for the highest conception of that which we reverence and which we wish to attain to in our spiritual life, we can frame no such conception out of our imagination as is framed for us in the Four Gospels. We bow before it, and we say, Good Master—Master because goodness incarnate.

And so we take this Christ as the One whom we follow—our aim in life to be like him, and to make others like him, and to organize all society upon the principles which he inculcated, and to imbue all humanity with the spirit which he incarnated. Not the Church, not the Bible, not the philosophies of men, not our own imaginations, but Christ, is our Master; and Christ, because he is the incarnation and embodiment of all goodness. And by Christ we measure and test all moralities, all theologies, all philosophies, all religions, all human nature, all human thoughts of God—inspired and uninspired.

This day is one especially sacred in the memory and

thought of Plymouth Church. As we approach this communion-table of our Lord, and remember the times when of old we were wont around this table to be led by another in the service of love and praise, I am sure you, members of Plymouth Church, would wish me to speak, not of Mr. Beecher, but of Him who was Mr. Beecher's Master, whom he loved to call Master, who filled, as we believe, Mr. Beecher with his spirit and with his life—of Him to whom so many of us were brought by Mr. Beecher. I am sure he would wish me to speak, not of his name, but of the Name that is above every name; and I am glad to take this Sabbath morning—the last morning that I shall be with you for some little time—to bear my testimony that I own Christ as my Master whom he owned as his Master; to bear my testimony, also, that Plymouth Church owns Him as Master whom for forty years Mr. Beecher presented to you as Master. We still follow on to know Him, we still love and adore Him, we still bow before Him as God revealed to us; we accept Him as the divine teacher, we accept Him as the perfect model, we accept Him as absolute Lawgiver, we accept Him as the revelation of the Everlasting Father.



Paul at Corinth¹

By Lyman Abbott

I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.—1 Cor. ii., 2.

Corinth was the commercial metropolis of Greece. It was the New York, as Athens was the Boston, of the ancient world.

To this city came Paul from Athens. He was alone in a great city wholly given up to worldliness, and in no small measure to the worst and lowest types of degrading self-indulgence. Animalism is the worst foe of spiritual life. Religion consists in the predominance of the supersensuous over the sensuous. The most hopeless of all communities are those which are wholly given over to sensuous life and sensual pleasures. Paul himself, in a passage of matchless dramatic power, has described the battle of life as a battle between the flesh and the spirit. In Corinth the flesh had the entire mastery; the spirit was dead. In Athens he could commend the religiousness of spirit that multiplied statues and temples; he could commend the earnestness of quest that built an altar to an unknown God. In Corinth there was nothing to commend. He could not praise the temple to Venus, with its thousand attendant courtesans; nor the worship of Bacchus, with its reveling and drunkenness. The only earnest quest in Corinth was a quest for wealth and pleasure. His heart died within him. "I was with you," he afterward wrote to the Corinthian Christians, "in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling."

Paul's experience has its analogue in that of many a Christian preacher, and not a few Christian laymen, in our own times. I may illustrate it by a little incident in my own experience. I went from New England (Athens) to a Western city (Corinth). It had been founded in irreligion, and had never outgrown its foundation. It was a city of twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, with not a public library and hardly a private one; without even a book-store worthy of the name. The pigs were public scavengers in the streets. A negro minstrel show always played to a full house; a course of lectures had never been heard of. This was a quarter of a century ago; the atmosphere has changed since. Early in my ministry I called on a leading citizen, who never went inside a church except on funeral occasions, and then only as a token of respect to the dead. "I judge," said I to him, "that your ideas of God, the Bible, and immortality are very different from those which I have been accustomed to entertain. You must have thought much on these problems. Is there a God? Has he ever spoken to us? Is there a future after death? If so, what shall we do to prepare for it? I wish you would give me the result of your thinking." "Oh, I don't know,"

was the reply; "sometimes I think one thing, sometimes I think another; to tell the truth, I don't think much about it." Shall I ever forget the utter and hopeless discouragement of feeling with which I returned to my dreary hotel after that interview! If a man is so taken up with wheat and corn and pork that he does not care whether there is a God, or a message from him to man, or a future life for which this is a preparation, what can you say to him? What hope of influencing him? How shall you begin? Many a minister, many a Christian layman, many a devout woman, has, in the midst of such an atmosphere of sensuous indifference to all spiritual verities, known the experience of the Apostle—weakness and fear and much trembling.

The evil of worldliness is always the same—a low, mean, ignoble ideal. It is not in luxury, it is not in wealth or self-indulgence; it is in the despicable conception of life as a mere gratification of the animal nature, the despicable conception of glory as a mere external pomp and parade, the despicable conception of happiness as to be found in self-service. The remedy for it is always and everywhere the same: the expulsion of an old by a new affection; the substitution of a true ideal of life as in the spirit, of glory as in character, of happiness as in self-sacrifice. Looking upon a community given over to self-seeking, Paul set himself to cure it: not by preaching to it the rules of a rigorous morality—not by Confucianism; not by the promulgation of divine laws, a Thou shalt and Thou shalt not—not by Puritanism; not by enticing pictures of a new Jerusalem with streets of gold and bowers of ease—not by a Christianized Mohammedanism.

By none of these commonest expedients of a "touch not, taste not, handle not" policy will Paul attempt to cure Corinth of its worldliness, but by setting before it a new and divine ideal of life. He will preach to them a Messiah who has lived in poverty and died in suffering and seeming shame, but who is the wisdom of God and the power of God; a Messiah who is made unto us, when we rise high enough to see him as he truly is, wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption. The true life is the life laid down for others. The true glory is the glory of humiliation and shame and spurning. The true joy is the joy of the thorn-crowned and the crucified One. The glory of the Christian Church is not in its cathedrals, but in its martyr fires. The glory of the nation is not in its palaces and railroads, but in its Valley Forge and its Libby Prison. The glory of God is not in the light unapproachable in which he dwells, but in the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world; in this, that he ever has been the Sin-bearer, the Sufferer for the undeserving, and will be to the end. The love that suffereth long, and is kind, is Paul's prescription for a worldly, corrupt, self-indulgent community.

It is, O my soul! the cure for thine own spirit of self-indulgence, sloth, ease, luxury. Not by laying down rules for thy neighbor or thyself; not by imagining a heaven of painless pleasure and lazy luxury, and getting as near it as thou canst in luxurious services here below; not by fear of penalties or pricking of conscience, scorplings now or burnings hereafter, canst thou cast this seven-devil self-seeking out of thy swept and garnished house: but by drawing near to One who, though he were rich, yet for our sakes became poor; who for the joy set before him endured the cross, despising the shame. It is by learning that to be and to do and to suffer is the triple glory of life, of manhood because of Godhood; that only he lives who dies daily for love's sake; and only he is glorious who is gladly disgraced for love's sake; and only he is truly happy who is self-crucified for love's sake.

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: July 24—Thou shalt not harden thy heart (Deut. xv., 7-18); July 25—Pharaoh's example (Ex. viii., 15-32); July 26—Christ's words to the hardened (Mark viii., 17-21); July 27—Lest any of you be hardened (Heb. iii., 13-19); July 28—Grieved for the hardness of their hearts (Mark iii., 5-10); July 29—Unbelief and hardness of heart (Mark xvi., 14-20); July 30—Topic: The danger of becoming hardened (Acts xix., 9; Mark xvi., 9-14).

¹ International Sunday-School Lesson for July 23, 1893.—Acts xviii., 1-11.

Books and Authors

The Mother of the Army¹

This Life of the "Mother of the Salvation Army" is in many respects a wonderful book, and yet it is much too long, the two volumes together making nearly fourteen hundred pages. The facts which they contain are collected with care and edited with evident affection, but the work itself would have been vastly more interesting and helpful if it had been condensed to one-quarter of its size. It is so good that it ought to be better. Page after page is occupied with tedious moralizing and irrelevant matter whose effect is to cover up rather than bring into clear relief the beautiful character of Mrs. Booth. The first and the last impression which we get from an examination of this biography is that it will largely defeat its object because of its extraordinary length.

Another point by way of criticism is that the growth of the Salvation Army is traced too indistinctly. The chapter devoted to the beginning of the Army leaves an indefinite impression. That a great work was being done by General and Mrs. Booth in East London is clear, but what may be called the evolution of the Army is not traced with equal clearness. In a work which is both biography and history, and quite as much the latter as the former, more care should have been taken to bring into systematic order the successive stages of the Army's growth.

So much by way of criticism. No one can read the book without being conscious that he is in the presence of one of the most exalted spiritual personalities which this generation has known. Canon Girdlestone, of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, England, was once asked whom he considered the greatest preachers in England. His reply was: "Canon Liddon, Mr. Spurgeon, and Mrs. General Booth." The order probably expressed his conviction as a Churchman. While Canon Liddon without doubt had vastly more influence in the universities, he surely had no such power among the common people and the poor as had Mrs. Booth. The story contained in these volumes may be condensed as follows:

Catherine Mumford was born in 1829, and much of her subsequent power is accounted for in the fact that she was the daughter of her mother. Her father was an accredited and successful lay preacher among the Wesleyans, a man of remarkable eloquence, who afterwards lost his spirituality, and for thirty years seems to have been a "backslider," until brought again to a Christian experience through the influence of his daughter. Catherine was fine-looking, a brilliant conversationalist, always sensitive to the sufferings of others, and even in her earliest years she displayed many of the characteristics of her after life. She hated cruelty with a perfect hatred, and was the friend of dumb animals and of the poor. Her early life was spent in the Wesleyan Church, and later among the Methodist New Connection. Finely educated, of earnest and intense nature, profoundly religious, it was natural that she should be devoted to winning men to Christ and to the alleviation of human misery. In 1852 she became engaged to William Booth, at that time a Primitive Methodist minister. The letters which passed between these young people are interesting and instructive. She had a lofty ideal of marriage, and approached it with a full appreciation of the possible results of an ill-considered union. She says: "I dare not enter into so solemn an engagement until you can assure me that you feel I am in every way suited to make you happy." This thought appears again and again. Of her own satisfaction there was no doubt, but she was wise enough to see how much depended on such an assurance of mutual affection as would make future surprises impossible. The story of her life from her marriage reads like "a new chapter in the Acts of the Apostles." At first Mrs. Booth never spoke in public. She was the inspiration of her husband, and her chief influence was in her home. After a while, however, while

they were living in Newcastle, she began to take part in the public services, surprising even her husband when she first asked permission to say a few words in the church. During his illness, shortly after, she took his place, and continued his work with a success which was gratifying both to him and to his people. William Booth was better fitted to be an evangelist than a pastor, and at first was encouraged in this line of service by his brethren. But after a short time, because of jealousy or misunderstanding, his Conference refused to set him apart to evangelistic work, and he withdrew from the Church in which he had been trained. Before that he had held evangelistic meetings in many parts of England, with wonderful results. Feeling that he had a special call to this ministry, and being supported in it by his wise and discerning wife, the step was taken which separated them from denominational affiliations, and left them free for the beginning of one of the most remarkable religious movements in modern times.

It is not necessary for us to sketch the rise and development of the Salvation Army. That is already a part of contemporary history known and read by all. Although the part of Mrs. Booth in that work is well known, it may not be out of place to recall a few of her characteristics, and the influence which she exerted in determining the development of the Army. In the first place, she was a whole-hearted, noble woman, possessed of tact and quick intuition. Her judgments concerning men and things seldom failed. The letters from her pen show that she had the instinct of an artist and the passion of a poet. She possessed what perhaps we may call the vision of God, so that things which to others would have seemed sacrifices, by her were undertaken with enthusiasm and gladness. She never forgot that she was a wife and mother as well as a soldier. It is not surprising that her career was ended after twenty-eight years of service; it is rather a surprise that any human being was able to do and to endure so much for so long a time. The care of a large family of children is enough for most women, but when to their training was added leadership in a religious movement with world-wide affiliations, it is difficult to understand how she found the time and strength for so much work. That her family was not neglected their subsequent history has proven. Where in modern times is there so large and prominent a family, all of whose members have been inspired with a common devotion to so high and holy a service? Heredity will not account for the Booths; they are what they are largely as the result of the spiritual environment created by the mother. Every member of that family is now in the service of the Army. Every one is thrilled with the same passion that distinguished Mrs. Booth, and all have something of that refined and delicate intensity which was her supreme characteristic.

Mrs. Booth had a peculiar power in reaching the cultured and wealthy. The General once said that he longed to be able to touch the poor with one hand and the rich with the other, but that he was not able to reach so long a distance. Mrs. Booth had that power. She played upon an audience of street loafers as an organist upon his organ, and she spoke to the rich and the nobility with the fearlessness of a Hebrew prophet. She was not only a preacher, but a reformer. Never were her bravery and constancy more conspicuous than in the memorable crusade in London against the social evil, when she linked hands with W. T. Stead and Josephine Butler in one of the hardest fights for good morals and common humanity that England has seen for many a year. Her position in the Army was that of the mother and the preacher; in the community it was that of a social reformer. While the General is a great preacher, he is pre-eminently an organizer. His wife, on the other hand, was able to touch as few ever did that note of tenderness and intensity which always sways an audience. And she was perfectly plain-spoken. Some of her sermons in the drawing-rooms at the West End amazed even her own family by their plainness of speech. In the distribution of forces she seems to have furnished the enthusiasm and the romance needed to inspire the Army which the General carefully organized. She lived to see her husband, who had practically been put

¹ *Life of Catherine Booth: the Mother of the Salvation Army.* By F. de L. Booth-Tucker. 2 Vols. F. H. Revell Company, New York.

out of the denomination in which he was trained, the head of the largest religious movement in modern Protestantism. She lived to see all her children actively at work in the cause which was so dear to her heart. The story of her last sickness has peculiar pathos. Two years before her death she was told that her days were numbered, and those were sacred years in that family and wherever her influence reached. The house in which she lived was regarded by the Salvation soldiers as their Holy of Holies, and the words she spoke were treasured by the poor among whom she labored as if uttered by an angel. In almost, if not quite, the last conversation with her family she uttered words which were the keynote of her character—she bade them all to “Be true, *true*, TRUE.”

Her children have taken up the work which she laid down. Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, La Maréchale of France, combines the intensity of the mother with the organizing ability of the father. Mrs. Booth-Tucker in India has shown the same heroic traits which her mother manifested in England. Mr. Bramwell Booth, who, next to the General, is the head of the Army in England, has proved himself not only a man of consecration, but of large constructive ability. Mr. Ballington Booth is Commander of the Army in the United States, and Mr. Herbert Booth of the Army in Canada.

Another interesting feature in the history of this wonderful family is that not only have the children followed in the footsteps of the parents, but those whom they have married have come into the same fellowship of consecrated service. Mrs. Bramwell Booth is one of the leaders in Christian work in England; Mr. Booth-Tucker is Commander of the Army in India; while all Americans know that even the “Mother of the Army” herself, in eloquence, spiritual power, and wise and consecrated effort, hardly surpassed the beautiful wife of Ballington Booth.

At the beginning of this notice we felt constrained to criticise the length and prolixity of this biography; we lay it down with the feeling undiminished. And yet it is a marvelous story of heroism, of lofty consecration, of impassioned earnestness and eloquence.



Christ in Modern Theology¹

The student of theology who believes that thinkers live in the nineteenth century has learned to take up anything from the pen of Principal Fairbairn with eager expectation. Nor will he find that expectation disappointed in this volume. It consists of two main parts; we quote his own description:

Our discussion will fall into two main parts—one historical and critical, and one positive and constructive. The historical and critical will deal with two questions: first, the causes that have so often made theology, in the very process of interpreting Christ, move away from him; and, secondly, the causes that have contributed to the modern return to him. The positive and constructive will also be concerned with two questions: first, the interpretation of Christ given in the Christian sources; and, secondly, the theological significance of Christ as thus interpreted.

Our main criticism of the work is that Dr. Fairbairn has spent so much time on the historical and critical portions of his book as to leave himself too little space for the presentation of his own positive views. Something more than half of the volume is taken up with historical criticism of past interpreters—valuable, certainly, yet covering ground which many others have covered before him. And of the second half of his book a considerable proportion is taken up in what may be called exegesis of the New Testament, leaving only a little more than a quarter of the volume for the interpretation of his own views. As a necessary consequence, this portion of his book is rather a synopsis of an argument than an argument. It is, at least, so compact that we are by no means always sure that we correctly arrive at his meaning. We often wish to ask him for an explanation; we often wish that he had elaborated his thought a little more fully, and with more ample illus-

trations. On the other hand, the very compactness of his thought makes it most suggestive. He continually puts into our minds clues which he does not follow out himself. His book is one of seed-thoughts which, as sown in a fruitful mind, ought to spring up in forms other than that which they would take on in the author's own mind. His exegetical chapters make us wish that he would write a commentary on the New Testament. His distinction between sin and transgression (p. 312) is finely put; his illustrations of Paul's antithetical habit (pp. 313, 314) are full of suggestion. In theology he is clear and courageous, and, without being polemical, is spiritually aggressive; witness, for instance, this sentence respecting the duty of constructing a new theology: “The most provisional attempt at performing the possible is more dutiful than the selfish and idle acquiescence that would simply leave the old theology and the new criticism standing side by side unrelated and unreconciled.” Witness, too, his denial that Judaism was really monotheism, and his affirmation that only through Christ and within Christendom has monotheism come to be incorporated in a real and idealized religion; witness, too, his very distinct denial of a current conception respecting the object of Christ's death: “His death was not the vindication but the condemnation of the law, and this is the characteristic attitude of the New Testament writers;” or his definition of Law, so much larger than that customarily given in conventional theology: “It was primarily instruction, a method of discipline through the truth and ordinances given of God, received and revealed by prophets and priests, written in the sacred books, explained, transmitted, and enlarged in the schools, read in the synagogue, observed in the Temple, incorporated in the religion.” If this definition be true—and we do not see how any careful student of Paul's writings can doubt it—then one of the distinct objects of Paul was to teach the direct reverse of that which the Presbyterian General Assembly has recently affirmed; for Paul taught that the Law, that is, the Bible, was not essential to salvation.

We admire this courage and clearness of our author even when we dissent radically from his view, as we do from his interpretation of the divinity of Christ, if we understand him aright. This, however, is one of the passages which we wish he had more fully elaborated:

We may say, then, the miraculous Person is the Person in His office, at His work, standing in His peculiar relations to God. Apart from these, living the personal life, He is the normal man; within these He is the Christ of God. It is here, if such an image may be allowed, as in our English Commonwealth. There can be no sovereign without the person, but the person is not the sovereign. Office and person are so mutually necessary that neither can be without the other. But the person within the office is not as the person without it. Without it, she is but a mortal woman, with all the characteristics of her kind; but within it, she becomes the sovereign, who can do no wrong, the source of law and justice, filling and, as it were, possessing the high court of Parliament, clothed upon with the authorities and the prerogatives proper to the head of a great state.

This is an admirable specimen of clear and lucid statement, though we do not think that its definition of the divineness of Christ satisfies either the intellectual or the spiritual wants of mankind. It is the person of our God that we want to know, and it is only as the very person of God himself is somehow transmitted into the personality of Christ and our acquaintance with Christ becomes an acquaintance with God, that Christ satisfies the deepest needs of humanity.

If the object of a book on theology is to give the reader a completed system which is “safe,” this volume will not compare with some others of a more conventional type; but if the object of a book of theology is to stir the heart and the mind with strong, clear thinking on divine things, no book certainly of the present season surpasses in merit Dr. Fairbairn's “Place of Christ in Modern Theology.”



Modern Meteorology. By Frank Waldo. (Contemporary Science Series. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) In six chapters Mr. Waldo here aims to present, in a concise and read-

¹ *The Place of Christ in Modern Theology.* By A. M. Fairbairn, M.A., D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

able form, a summary of work in meteorology to date. Chapter I. is a very interesting historical sketch of the development of the science. A long chapter, well illustrated, follows upon apparatus and methods of procedure. The whole chapter is of interest to the novice, but the latter part, in which the meteorological observatories of the world are described, will be of special interest to the large class of non-professional weather observers, who will be delighted to learn of the wonderful development of methods and appliances in other lands. The most important chapters in the book—third, fourth, and fifth—deal with fundamental problems, such as the thermodynamics of the atmosphere, the general and the secondary movements of the atmosphere. These chapters are not easy reading, but in them we find, as clearly and simply stated as the subject allows, the arguments and conclusions of the great workers of Europe and America. The works of most of the great meteorologists of Europe are still untranslated, and are not readily accessible to many; they have, therefore, been practically sealed books to non-professional workers. A concise statement of their contents is therefore especially valuable. In a final interesting and very suggestive chapter upon Applied Meteorology the author shows what ends are sought by modern study; he describes the oscillations in climate as shown by meteorological observations for long periods; he also points out important applications of meteorology to agriculture. The book is not amusing, nor one with which to wile away an idle hour, but a well-written, timely, able discussion of an important field of knowledge.

We doubt whether any one who now disbelieves in a future life will be convinced of its reality by Mr. Myers's essay on "Science and the Future Life" (with other *Essays* by F. W. H. Myers). The phenomena to which he refers—hypnotism, phantasmal appearances, spiritism, and the like—are neither as yet sufficiently established as facts, nor, in so far as they are established as facts, interpreted by philosophy, to form a basis for theological belief. But those who already believe in the immortality of the soul will find that these phenomena fit in with their belief and afford a quasi-scientific confirmation of it. Mr. Myers's essay on the "Disenchantment of France" impressed us on its first publication—if we remember aright, in the "Contemporary Review"—as a very significant warning of the dangers impending from that moral philosophy, which flatters itself that it can maintain an ethical life without any basis of religious faith. The essay has a distinct value, because it is not merely theoretical, but finds the cause for its warning voice in the pages of history. In general, we should characterize Mr. Myers as rather a suggestive than a conclusive writer. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

While faith is the motive power of life, and a man's career is powerful in proportion to the intensity of his belief, there is no need of examples to prove that the success of that career, the growth of the outcome of that life, result from the character of the object of a man's belief. This is what Canon Bright emphasizes in his volume of sermons, *Morality in Doctrine*. The sermons are "learned and painful," to use the antique phrase, and they are a protest against the disposition to underrate doctrine, or theology. The protest is not superfluous, but, according to our way of thinking, somewhat ineffective. So soon as men see the reasonable relation of doctrine and life they will value doctrine, but not, as Professor Bright urges, upon the ground of authority. Doubtless there are minds of a legal cast to which these sermons would strongly appeal. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

The new volume of Canon Scott Holland's sermons follows in the same line as Dr. Bright's. The title, *Pleas and Claims*, gives no hint of the urging of dogma and its power to make for righteousness. The charm of Canon Scott Holland's sermons has always seemed to us more the result of his skillful phrasing and his extensive vocabulary than has been usually admitted. These characteristics are strong in this volume. Of course it is not all diction, but some of the sermons could scarcely be reduced to a syllogism. Perhaps we might praise them for this, as Sir William Hamilton praised Dr. Guthrie's preaching. True, life is more than logic, but not all are moved by fervid exhortations reduced to cold printer's ink. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

There is a strange and weird atmosphere lying low along the past of the history of Poland. A somber and lurid light glows on the pages of its mediæval chronicles. Recently the novels of Henrik Sienkiewicz have given us a glimpse into that picturesque chapter of universal history, but there is no good history of the Poles, at least in the English language. In "The Story of the Nations" series, *The Story of Poland* has been written by W. R. Morfill. He appears to have made much use of both the text and pictures of Schieman's "Russland, Polen, und Livland bis 17 Jahrhundert." Mr. Morfill's work disappoints us; it is as

dry as the subject would permit, and its style is at times not simple but puerile. The chapter on Polish literature is the best in the book. The pictures are well executed and well chosen. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The Tell-Amarna Tablets, translated by Major C. R. Conder, is a book which will interest students of the Bible. These tablets, which were found in Egypt, carried on their surface the letters of Syrian governors to their sovereign, the Pharaoh of Egypt. The dispatches from Jerusalem will prove of immediate interest. This author does not agree with Brugsch and Bunsen about the date of the Exodus. The writer of these letters, whose name Professor Sayce made out *Ebed Tob*, good servant, Major Conder reads *Us-Khi-Ba*, equivalent to Adonizedek. Reference to the Book of Judges shows the great importance of this point. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Two Volunteer Missionaries Among the Dakotas, by S. W. Pond, Jr. (Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Boston), is a graphic description of the work of Samuel W. and Gideon H. Pond among the Dakotas. There are incidents in it that are thrilling and show the marked courage and consecration of the two men who voluntarily took up a life of great privation.

Charley: A Village Story, by S. D. Gallaudet (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), is a pathetic story of a boy's struggle against the burden of a sinful mother and an unknown father. The story is well written, but adds neither to the sum total of human happiness nor that of knowledge.

Hope and Rest, by Helen Bigelow Merriman (Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Boston), is a book of religious meditation, and contains many helpful thoughts.



Literary Notes

—Mr. Muirhead, who edited Baedeker's "Guide to the United States," will prepare a similar work on Canada.

—Professor Charles Eliot Norton's biography of Mr. Lowell is rapidly advancing, and is nearly ready for the printer.

—There is to be a new edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," prepared with quantities of notes by the distinguished folk-lorist, Joseph Jacobs, and Robert Steele, the editor of "Mediæval Lore."

—A new edition of the works of "Mark Rutherford" awakens new interest in that author. His real name is William Hale White. His father was one of the subordinate officials of the House of Commons, and "Mark Rutherford" himself was for some time in one of the departments of the Admiralty.

—The second issue of "McClure's Magazine" sustains the impression made by the first. Its editor has a very highly developed "sense of the interesting." The writer of this note has read every line in this number of the magazine (with the exception of part of the article about De Blowitz's somewhat too protuberant personality). How often does this happen, one wonders, with the average magazine reader?

—It seems that George Meredith had something to do with Thomas Hardy's first success as an author. The MS. of Mr. Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree" was sent in vain to several publishers, and at last reached Chapman & Hall. Mr. Meredith, who is still one of the "readers" for the firm, read this MS. by an unknown writer, advised that it be published, and wrote to Hardy in hearty praise of it.



Books Received

- AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK
Conklin, Benjamin Y. Practical Lessons in Language. 35 cts.
AMERICAN NEW-CHURCH TRACT AND PUBLICATION SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA
Giles, Rev. Chauncey. Consolation.
CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM & CO., NEW YORK
Gibbes, Emily. The Origin of Sin.
FOWLER & WELLS CO., NEW YORK
Commelin, Anna Olcott. Jerushy in Brooklyn. 25 cts.
HORACE B. HUDSON, MINNEAPOLIS
Hudson, Horace B. Hudson's Dictionary of Minneapolis and Vicinity. 25 cts.
WILBUR B. KETCHAM, NEW YORK
Tuck, Robert. Revelation by Character. \$2.
D. LOTHROP CO., BOSTON
Oxley, J. Macdonald. Archie of Athabasca. \$1.25.
MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK
Freeman, Edward A. History of Federal Government in Greece and Italy. \$3.75.
Chinnock, Edward J. Arrian's Anabasis of Alexander and Indica. \$1.50.
Gibson, Margaret D. How the Codex was Found. \$1.50.
DAVID M'KAY, PHILADELPHIA
Lowell, James Russell. Conversations on Some of the Old Poets.
THE RELIGIOUS HERALD, HARTFORD
Picturesque Chicago, and Guide to the World's Fair.
THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK
Baring-Gould, S. The Vicar of Morwenstow. 50 cts.

The Religious World

Animosities at Montreal The Christian Endeavor Convention did not close without what seems to us a very unfortunate and unnecessary episode. The Convention itself will be described next week by a special correspondent, whose letter is unfortunately delayed, and we refer only to one incident. As is well known, Montreal is predominantly a Roman Catholic city. There are strong Protestant churches located there, but the majority of the population is Roman Catholic. If the reports are true, these people united with the Protestants in welcoming to Montreal the thousands who represented the Christian Endeavor Society. In the course of the addresses three gentlemen felt called upon, in one way and another, to denounce the Roman Catholic faith. The speakers were the Rev. Mr. Karmarker, of India, Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of Minneapolis; and Dr. D. J. Burrill, of New York. We have not full reports of what they said, and they may have been misrepresented. If correctly reported, they were, however, of such a nature as deeply to incense the Roman Catholic population, and to increase antagonisms, which manifested themselves, in due time, in open riot. We doubt not that many of the newspapers will refer to the incident as an act of persecution. That the violence of the mob was justified no one can imagine; on the other hand, it was utterly unjustifiable. But we must express our opinion that it was hardly more unreasonable than the selection of such a time and place for the delivery of addresses calculated to deeply offend and grieve the majority of the population of the city in which the Convention was held. There is a proper time for the discussion of disputed subjects, but, as it would have been inexcusable for any speaker to bring the Briggs controversy into such a Convention, so it was inexcusable to take this meeting for the discussion of a subject which could do no good, and in the nature of the case would arouse serious animosity. Many of our public speakers need to take lessons of the Apostle Paul, who never antagonized where it was possible for him to commend.

Leaves the Church The Presbyterian church at Irvington-on-the-Hudson is a very strong and, in many respects, a representative church. Its pastor is the Rev. John S. Penman, a young man of marked ability and a student of high attainments. He has just resigned his pastorate because of his inability longer to subscribe to the system of doctrine of the Presbyterian Church as interpreted by the majority at the last Assembly. The following extracts from his letter of resignation, as published in the daily papers, define his position and give his reasons for his resignation:

There has never been a course of action that has cost me more pain than that which I take this day in asking you to unite with me in requesting the Presbytery to dissolve the pastoral relation between us at its meeting in October.

I am impelled to this action by my fidelity to conscience and to the truth. I am moved by no spirit of haste, but speak only after long deliberation and earnest prayer. The recent action of our Church in its judicial case has emphasized but not determined my position. My own investigations during the last four years have made it more and more evident to me that I was growing out of sympathy with the system of doctrines as held by our Church.

I had hoped up to the last General Assembly that the Presbyterian Church would declare itself in favor of progress in doctrine and liberty of investigation. But that hope is now shattered.

It is not for me to criticize this action except in so far as I believe it to be necessary in vindicating the truth. When each is faithful to conscience, nothing but respect can be felt. If I appear to stand henceforth in antagonism to the Presbyterian Church, it is an antagonism to its system of truth and not to the men who proclaim it. I hold that the Bible contains the word of God. I yield to none in my love and reverence for it. I believe that the Bible is the fountain of divine truth which is able to make men wise unto salvation and bring them into touch with Him who is the life and the light of men.

A Notable Sermon The Rev. Hiram C. Haydn, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the ablest and most spiritual ministers in his denomination. The church of which he is pastor is one of the largest and strongest in the city of Cleveland, or in the country. Those who know him will need no assurance of ours that there is nothing of the iconoclast or the free lance in this honored pastor. For many years he was the District Secretary of the American Board in New York,

having resigned the pastorate of his Cleveland church to accept that position. After a few years, however, he was so urgently recalled to that church that he accepted the call and returned. Dr. Haydn has recently published, at the request of his congregation, a sermon which was preached June 4, entitled "New Life, New Conditions." We think our readers will be interested in an outline of this very broad, and yet bold and outspoken, sermon. He says: "Restatement of doctrine from time to time is imperative, inevitable, if men are to be honest. . . . The old historic creeds do not satisfy the Biblical thought of our day." "The Bible is the court of ultimate appeal on all questions of doctrine, . . . but no man's interpretation of the Bible is such. . . . Progress is the law of life in theology as well as in politics. The exegesis of the Bible cannot be put into the limitations of fifty years ago." "Revision of creeds, the making of new ones, the restatement of doctrine in nineteenth-century speech, is a sign of life rather than of apostasy." Dr. Haydn then considers the deliverance of the General Assembly concerning the duty of those who do not accept the traditional Old School Presbyterian theories about the Bible to step down and out. To this he replies: "The General Assembly did not put ministers in their pulpits. They were called by the churches, and installed by the Presbyteries. If the churches and the Presbyteries have no rights in the premises, it is time we knew it. I consider this summons thus sent abroad undignified and impertinent. . . . As I think, it is not for the good of the Presbyterian Church that the liberals should get down and out. I wish I could believe that they would not drop out one by one, but I very much fear that many will. As I think of them—the men I know, and with whom I sympathize—tolerant, and unalarmed, and loyal to our Church, but open to new light, from Denver to Washington, I confess to being proud of my company. I am not a controversialist. I could wish that you all might get the inspiration that has come to me from the broader outlook of the last ten years of my life, which has only made the Bible, the Christ, the Church, and all the work of the Church more than ever precious to me, and the ministry of the Word more than ever a passion to my soul." The sermon closes as follows: "Of this ministry and of my attitude in current affairs, you, my beloved people, must judge. If it is not satisfactory on the whole, it is for you to say so. The judgment of others is to me a thing of small moment. But, as I now see things, I shall not gratify the majority of the General Assemblies of 1892 and 1893 by voluntarily deserting this pulpit, and the ministry to which I was called by your suffrages." We have given these extracts from Dr. Haydn's sermon because he may be taken as representative of the large class in the Presbyterian Church who are not inclined to take extreme positions, but who feel deeply, who exert a wide influence, and who are sure to make themselves felt in the final settlement of the questions now before the denomination of which they are members.

An American Institute of Christian Sociology Reports have reached us of a movement looking toward the uniting of Christian workers for the practical and thorough study of problems of sociology. A meeting will be held at Chautauqua July 19 and 20 for the purpose of forming the Institute. Among those whose names are mentioned in connection with the proposal are Bishop Vincent, Professor R. T. Ely, and the Revs. James Brand, Sidney Strong, and G. D. Herron. The object of the movement is to interest people in the application of Christianity to the social and industrial problems of the day. "The principles are, in general: First, to claim for the Christian law the ultimate authority to rule social practice; second, to study together how to apply the moral truths and principles of Christianity to the social and economic difficulties of the day; third, to present Christ in practical life as a living Master and King, the enemy of wrong and selfishness, the power of righteousness and love." We welcome all such movements as this, although we confess to sorrow when any new organization comes into existence. The Christian world is being surfeited with societies. If about three-fourths of all those that make their appeal to the churches could die a natural death, there would be left a proper place for one proposing to do such important and vital work as the American Institute of Sociology. We

shall watch this new society with much interest, and report its proceedings for our readers.

We are very sorry to observe from the July **The A. M. A.** number of the "American Missionary" that the financial outlook of the Association of which it is the organ is not as encouraging as it should be. The falling off of receipts from legacies places upon the Association a debt of about \$50,000, and this at a time of great embarrassment in the business world. The American Missionary Association makes a peculiar appeal to all who are interested in the cause of humanity and the welfare of the country. We once heard the Rev. Dr. Curry, of Virginia, himself a Baptist, say in a public meeting in New York that the American Missionary Association had done more for the education of the negro than all other denominations and the Government combined. It has established schools and churches in all parts of the South, and has from the time of the Proclamation of Emancipation led in the work of higher and industrial and Christian education. Recently it declined to receive any appropriation of Government money for the conduct of its mission work, in order that it might consistently oppose union between Church and State. All Protestant denominations are now in harmony with this refusal, but the action cut off \$22,000 from the treasury of the Association. In our opinion there is no more pressing missionary work appealing to American churches and American citizens. The negroes are to play a large part in the future of America. If we have to choose, it is more important for us that they be made both wise and Christian than that the Gospel be sent to any foreign land. The Outlook earnestly urges all contributing churches to redouble their efforts in behalf of this noble Society, which has well deserved the splendid tribute paid to it by Dr. Curry. It is perhaps worth while, while we are writing of this subject, to remind our readers that this Association is not as rich as some people imagine. The "Daniel Hand Fund" is a trust to be invested; no part of the principle can be expended for any purpose whatever, and the interest is to be used for the specific purposes for which it was given, and for those only. Even the temporary embarrassment of the Association cannot be relieved by any use of this fund. All Congregationalists ought to take immediate steps toward increasing the income of the American Missionary Association.

The People's Palace, Jersey City

We are very anxious that our readers in the vicinity of New York, and especially in the suburban districts, should keep their eyes on the People's Palace in Jersey City. We say "suburban" districts, because the city churches have about all the work of this kind that they can manage; but most of the suburban churches are really suffering because of their distance from the work which they ought to do. The People's Palace is not the Tabernacle Church, although it may perhaps be called an annex. It is situated in a locality peculiarly needy, and filled with the poor, and especially workingmen. The Tabernacle provides spiritual privileges for the locality, and few churches are more active and more distinctly spiritual. In addition, "The People's Palace" aims to provide for the mental and physical welfare of those outside the churches. This a Christian community must do if multitudes are to be kept from vicious and criminal ways. In connection with the Palace is a large reading-room and library; an amusement-hall for young men, open afternoons and evenings; an assembly-hall for young women; a gymnasium, in which are weekly classes for young men, boys' gymnastic classes, a boys' brigade, a drum and fife corps; a bathing department, with separate provision for men, boys, and women; drawing-classes; sewing-schools; a kitchen-garden; and we find that a day-nursery has now been provided. In addition to the room in the house, the nursery has a yard outside, graded and planted with flowers and shrubs, while a miniature seashore has been constructed and filled with white sand for the children to play and dig in. Where is some one who will do for this work what Mr. Armour has done in Chicago, and Mr. Drexel in Philadelphia? We know of no place where those who are looking about with a view to making an endowment which shall perpetuate a good work can find a better oppor-

tunity than in connection with the People's Palace; and no place is more worthy of a visit by those desirous of understanding what the Christian Church is doing to solve the pressing social problems of our time.

The Bible Conference at Northfield

Mr. Moody has issued his call for the Eleventh General Bible Conference for the promotion of Christian Life and Service. The meetings will be held at Northfield, Mass., August 1-13. Their object is to advance the interests of the Kingdom of God, and to seek a closer union of Christian hearts, in faith, hope, and love. Mr. Moody will be assisted by prominent ministers and laymen; among them, Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, the Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn, President Gates, of Amherst, the Rev. B. Fay Mills, D.D., and the Rev. John McNeil, of Scotland. The object of the Conference and its programme are excellent, the speakers able men, and the meetings ought to be of very great value to all the Christian workers who attend.

Dr. Parker's Thursday Service

Dr. Joseph Parker and the City Temple in London are known around the world. His church is situated far from all the residential districts, and is more a great building for preaching and religious conventions than a place for organized activity among the people; consequently, the methods of its administration are different from those of many churches. The mid-week service is a lecture from the pastor in the great auditorium on Thursdays at noon. For well-nigh twenty-four years, without a pause except for his usual vacations, this work has gone on, and to-day is as great as ever in the past. If we remember correctly, Dr. Parker is now about sixty-three years of age, but there is no symptom of decline in his power as a preacher, and his force and eloquence are undiminished. Despite some unfortunate mannerisms, Dr. Parker is probably the greatest preacher now living in the English-speaking world. Those who do not like his manner often refuse to listen to his preaching, but when the things which they dislike are ignored they always find that they are listening to a master in the art of interpretation, and to a man who knows as few men do how to adapt the truth to the common people. His auditorium probably seats twenty-five hundred; it is always full on Sundays, and the Thursday lecture usually brings together an audience of fifteen hundred. To have carried on such services with a popularity quite undiminished, the London "Independent" well says, "proves two things—the genius of the preacher, and the inexhaustible fertility of the great theme. Without the first, the second would fail of a worthy exposition; without the second, the preacher's material would speedily become sterile. . . . Dr. Parker once said of Henry Ward Beecher that he believed he could preach for a year on the first chapter of Genesis without once repeating himself. The present generation affords only one other of whom this could be said with any propriety, and that person is Dr. Parker himself."

The "Christian Commonwealth," **Pauper Clergy in England** London, is justly exercised over the number of poor clergymen in England. There are nearly six thousand benefices in which the income is less than \$250 per year. It asserts that any great Church that allows the salaries of its ministers to vary from \$75,000 to \$250 a year only verifies the story of Dives and Lazarus; that the Established Church is full of prince and pauper clergy—the one impoverished that the other may be rich. The Church is compared to modern society, which "revels in extremes and then whines over the extreme which is miserable, but is afraid to deal boldly with the superfluity at the other end." The evil cannot be remedied so long as the present system of a Church Establishment continues. Make the Church free, and the inequalities will soon largely equalize themselves.

Fasting Communion and Evening Communion Different problems agitate different Churches and different localities. An illustration of this principle is found in the discussion in England on the two subjects of Fasting Communion and Evening Communion, which are described by Archdeacon Sinclair, in "The Review of the Churches," as "of great importance." He says: "In many parishes where a

mediaeval ministry has been established, consciences have been sorely troubled by the assertion that to receive the communion otherwise than fasting is a terrible sin. In the same manner Evening Communion has been represented as a sacrilege and profanation." The subject has been considered of sufficient importance for the Bishops of the Southern Province to pass resolutions concerning them. Most of our readers would probably be little interested in seeing the resolutions in full, and we therefore condense them. Concerning Fasting Communion the Bishops say:

First: In the Apostolic age the Holy Communion was administered in connection with the gathering of Christians to share in an appointed evening meal.

Second: That the practice of communicating in the early morning appears to have arisen before the close of the first century.

Third: That the practice, together with the association of fasting with prayer, led to the practice of communicating only when fasting.

Fourth: From the close of the fourth century this usage was formulated in rules for the clergy.

Fifth: Fasting Communion was the prescribed rule during the Anglo-Saxon period, and to the time of the Reformation.

Sixth: These rules were nevertheless subject to relaxation in cases of necessity.

Seventh: Fasting Communion ceased to be required at the time of the Reformation of the Church in England.

Eighth: Regard being had to the practice of the Apostolic Church in this matter, to teach that it is a sin to communicate otherwise than fasting is contrary to the teaching and spirit of the Church of England.

The substance of the resolutions of the Bishops concerning Evening Communion is as follows: The celebration in the evening was apparently a practice of the Church during a large part of the first century. About the close of the first century it was transferred to an early hour in the morning. At the Reformation the Church made no regulation concerning the subject, except that it should be celebrated in the earlier portion of the day, and in connection with matins. Evening Communion was introduced in the present century because many would not be able to receive the sacrament except at that hour. The last resolution is as follows: "Regard being had to the continuous custom of the Church, as well as to the necessity now alleged to exist, it is the bounden duty of every one who publicly administers the Holy Communion in the evening to assure himself of the reality of the need in the parish where he is appointed to serve." While we fully recognize the importance such subjects have to many minds, we cannot help saying that it seems almost impossible that any should give them the prominence which they undoubtedly have. If we mistake not, in the Church at large emphasis is more and more being placed upon the great spiritual realities, and less and less on the mint, anise, and cummin of mere outward and unessential forms.



Gleanings

—We regret that in our issue of July 1 we should have printed the name of the President of Gammon Theological Seminary of Atlanta, Ga., as W. P. Thirkeld instead of Thirkield.

—Dr. T. L. Cuyler has written a "Columbian" tract entitled "Jesus Christ for Everybody," and the Tract Society has published it in ten languages for distribution at the World's Fair.

—The Catholic Summer School of America will meet in annual session at Plattsburg, N. Y., on July 15, and continue till August 6. Many eminent men, clerical and lay, will lecture on timely topics.

—The Rev. Thomas Mozley, who died at Cheltenham in England the other day, at the age of eighty-seven years, had been a writer on the London "Times," in various capacities, for nearly fifty years.

—The most remarkable thing about the maxims of the Harlem Theosophical Sunday-School, remarks the New York "Evening Sun," is that, while suggestive of the Sermon on the Mount, they are not so good literature.

—The Rev. Naomi Tamura, of Tokio, Japan, author of "The Japanese Bride," is a pastor of one of the largest Presbyterian churches in Japan. It has over five hundred members, is self-supporting, and has never received financial aid from the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board.

—Dr. Samuel Hart, professor in Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., who was lately elected Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Vermont, has declined the honor in a letter sent to Dr. J. I. Bliss, of Burlington, who presided over the Convention. Dr. Hart expresses his deep sense of the honor conferred upon him, but says that he feels it his duty to remain at the College.

—A London dispatch from Hong Kong reports another fanatical outbreak against missionaries in China. The dispatch says

that a mob of natives killed two Swedish missionaries named Wickholm and Johannsen, at Macheng, sixty miles from Hankow. No further details are given, but the murders are supposed to have been due to the anti-foreign placards that have heretofore caused much trouble for the foreign missionaries residing in China.

—The Home of Industry and Refuge for Discharged Convicts, at 224 West Sixty-third Street, this city, has been struggling with financial difficulties incident to the erection of a building of its own. We are glad to be able to announce that the Directors have been enabled, by the kindness of friends, to pay assessments, water-rates, overdue interest and July interest upon their mortgage, so that foreclosure proceedings have been discontinued. Contributions are needed for current expenses. Thirteen thousand dollars has been subscribed towards the existing indebtedness upon the building, and further pledges are asked for, contingent upon the full amount being raised. The Superintendent, Mr. Charles Stewart, will welcome all visitors, and the Treasurer, Mr. J. H. Boswell, will welcome pledges of subscription towards the debt, or contributions for current expenses, such communications to be addressed to the Treasurer at the Home.

—A correspondent writes: "The Welsh Congregational Association of Wisconsin held its meetings June 8-13, at Bethel, Dodgeville, and Picatonia churches. There was a large attendance, and the meetings were of the most interesting character, the reports from the churches indicating an encouraging measure of success. As is the custom in this Association, there was one entire day devoted to the preaching of the Gospel in each of the above churches. The following resolution was passed, also, with entire unanimity:

"Whereas, We are very much grieved on account of the unhappy misunderstandings that have existed for years, and do continually exist, in the councils of the American Board; and,

"Whereas, We feel fully convinced that if the existing disagreements and dissensions could be peacefully settled, the churches of our denomination would take a deeper and wider interest in the cause of foreign missions: therefore,

"Resolved, That we would most earnestly express our hope and desire that some appropriate method will be adopted by the officers of the Board to accomplish this; and that our Foreign Missionary Society, in its polity and mode of procedure, will be brought to a closer connection and more direct relation with our Congregational churches than heretofore, on the contributions of which churches it solely depends for the funds with which to carry out its Christian enterprises."



Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

- F. P. Bacher has received a call from the church at Hockanum, Conn.
- T. C. Pease has resigned the pastorate of the First Church of Malden, Mass.
- William Sandbrook has resigned the pastorate of the church in Lovell, Me.
- H. E. Small has become pastor of the church in North Guilford, Conn.
- F. B. Doane was ordained at Bridgewater, Conn., on June 14.
- H. J. Patrick, who has been pastor of the church in West Newton, Mass., for forty-three years, has been made pastor emeritus, and is to have an assistant.
- David L. Holbrook was installed on June 22 as pastor of the church in Fond du Lac, Wis.
- W. P. Clancy, of Epping, N. H., accepts a call to Troy.
- F. M. Pipkin, of Mound City, Kan., has resigned.
- F. J. Van Horn, of the Oberlin Seminary, accepts a call to the Columbia Church of Cincinnati, O.

PRESBYTERIAN

- C. H. Walker was installed as pastor of the First Church of Lansingburg, N. Y., on June 20.
- Asa Wynkoop was installed as pastor of the Second Church of Orange, N. J., on June 28.
- Frank Ballard, of Austin, Ill., has received a call from the Memorial Church of Indianapolis, Ind.
- W. T. Brown has resigned the pastorate of the First Church of Janesville, Wis.
- Edwin Reinke was installed as pastor of the church in Greenwich, N. J., on June 25.

EPISCOPAL

- Henry Tarrant has become rector of the Church of the Atonement at Westfield, Mass.
- D. A. Pennick, of the Church of the Ascension, Lexington, Ky., has accepted the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Camden, N. J.
- J. L. Lancaster has accepted the rectorship of St. Peter's Church, Perth Amboy, N. J.
- E. H. Coley has resigned the rectorship of St. Mary's Church, South Manchester, Conn., and has become senior assistant at St. John's Church, Stamford, Conn.
- J. H. Watson has resigned the rectorship of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Hartford, Conn.

OTHER CHURCHES

- William F. Furman, of Albany, N. Y., accepts a call from the Olney Street Congregational Society (Unitarian) of Providence, R. I.
- C. S. Scott, of Somerville, Mass., accepts a call from the First Baptist Church of Marlboro'.
- James E. Chapin (Methodist) died recently at Westfield, N. Y., at the age of eighty-four.
- W. H. Stewart has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church in North Easton, Me.
- W. W. Knox, of the First Reformed Church of Bayonne, N. J., has received a call from the First Presbyterian Church of New Brunswick.
- W. D. Potter, recently of Hintonville, Quebec, Canada, has become pastor of the Universalist church at Shelburne Falls, Mass.

"The Outlook"

Echoes from the Press

From the New York "Tribune"

The Christian Union comes to us this week as an old friend with a new name. Henceforth it is to be known as The Outlook—a name hitherto attached to one of its principal departments, that summing up the news of the week and commenting on it in a lucid and valuable way. There appear to be good reasons for the change, which has been decided upon after a good deal of careful consideration, and the new name certainly has a taking sound. There will be no change in ownership, management, or policy. The Outlook will be, as The Christian Union has been, primarily a family paper and at the same time a religious paper, but it will be undenominational and catholic in tone. The "Tribune" has not always been able to agree with its weekly contemporary, but we invariably read it with interest and with the highest respect for its opinions and character.

From the New York "Times"

An old friend with a new name, but otherwise unchanged in appearance, is published this week under the title of The Outlook, with the sub-title "New Series of The Christian Union." Dr. Lyman Abbott continues as editor-in-chief, with the same competent corps of assistants. The Christian Union has had for nearly twenty-five years many and distinct points of excellence, which have been widely recognized and appreciated. The paper, "broader in its scope and higher in its ideal than ever before," as now promised, will add to the number of its friends and increase its influence for good.

From the Springfield "Republican"

The Christian Union, of which the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott is chief editor, has changed its name to The Outlook. The new departure is one of name only, and the paper will remain the same broad and sweet and helpful influence which Messrs. Abbott and Mabie have made it. There will be many to regret such a change as a matter of sentiment, for this weekly paper is surely as good under the old name as the new, while we do not take kindly to having old friends change their names by act of the Legislature or otherwise. It makes a little unnecessary strangeness.

From the New York "Critic"

The Christian Union's "outing number" made a successful effort at color-printing, showing, among other things, the Bronx River as only Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith sees it. The Christian Union is always in the front rank in the march of dignified journalistic progress; while it seeks novelty, it carefully avoids sensationalism. Since these words were written, announcement has been made that hereafter the name of the paper will be The Outlook—an excellent title, already familiar to the readers of its editorial page.

From "The Courant" (Hartford, Conn.)

With its issue of this week The Christian Union changes its name to The Outlook. Its editorial management under Lyman Abbott and H. W. Mabie remains the same, and the adoption of a new name means that it wishes to take the stand as an undenominational religious and family paper. In vigor, breadth, high literary quality, and receptivity to all that is healthily progressive in religious and social life, this paper is excelled by none in the country, and its popularity is great.

From the New York "Independent"

Without any change of form or purpose, The Christian Union appears under a new name, The Outlook, a name taken from the title given to the first and most prominent department in that paper. The name is appropriate and will be characteristic. We are sure The Christian Union will be no less Christian for removing a designation which is found in the title of over a hundred religious journals in the country. Yet it will seek to be especially a family paper, and we are confident it will continue to deserve its popularity.

From "The Congregationalist" (Boston)

The Christian Union is to come to us hereafter as The Outlook. It believes in evolu-

tion and illustrates it. It has been a distinct and potent factor in the development of journalism during the most remarkable period of the growth of journalism, especially during the last ten years. It has ably chronicled current thought and life, and has done much to guide it into higher and nobler ways. If it has sometimes provoked opposition, it has compelled attention. While it has lived in the present, and has been very much alive, it has not ignored the past, and by its views in these directions, as well as by its prophetic vision, it has earned its new title. Its change to the magazine form was a bold but successful venture. It has already done to a considerable extent what it proposes to do more thoroughly—to combine the daily newspaper and the magazine in a weekly periodical. Its editors have high ideals and have shown power to realize them. The Outlook as a department has given to itself a large significance as the new title to the paper. We congratulate it for its past service and its promise.

From the New York "Evangelist"

Our old and valued friend, The Christian Union, comes out this week with a new name, The Outlook. In our opinion, those must be weighty reasons which justify the renunciation of all that is connoted in a worthy name bravely borne for a quarter of a century, and all the more when that name stood for all that is denoted in the words Christian Union. We give here the reasons which have moved the editors of this paper. To us they seem hardly adequate; yet we heartily wish the paper God-speed under its new ensign.

From the "Advance" (Chicago)

The Christian Union has changed its name to The Outlook. Either name is good. The new one, like the "Advance," has the advantage of using but a single term to designate it. The thing which any live journal is intent upon is to see, and help its readers to see; to see what is, and so what ought to be thought and done about it. And yet the fact of first importance about any outlook is its point of view. It is the personal revelation and teaching of Christ which give the true point of view in every endeavor to make clear the real meaning of life, and it is only this kind of outlook that can point and show the way which the true advance of the world must take. The Outlook, under the hitherto shining banner of The Christian Union, has gained distinction, and while the "Advance" has at times had occasion sharply to differ from it in respect to certain questions, specially in matters of religious teaching, we earnestly rejoice in its strong insistence that the Christian life of our time needs to be full of vision, in the all-around application of the law of Christ to the life of to-day. If Drs. Abbott and Mabie and the rest like the new banner better than the old, nobody need quarrel with them over their preference.

From the New York "Christian at Work"

It is in the spirit in which we should greet an old friend who should inform us that for good reasons he had had his name changed, that we welcome The Christian Union, which now comes to us bearing its new title, The Outlook, a name which it has made familiar by use in its columns. The "Christian at Work" has realized in its own experience how newspapers often outgrow the specific significance of a title; and now that our contemporary has thought best to exchange the old name for a new one, as being broader in significance and better adapted to indicate its aims, while we shall miss the familiar appellation, we give no less hearty welcome to The Outlook. While we have not been in entire accord with the utterances of The Christian Union—as it was not to be expected we should be—we have always recognized the ability and breadth of spirit which have characterized its editorial management. These, we have no doubt, will be further amplified in the new series, and we extend every wish for the future prosperity of The Outlook.

From the New York "Home Journal"

The Christian Union has always occupied a position in the forefront of all the more serious problems of the time, and its most distinctive

function has been that of the watchman on the tower who surveys the surrounding encampment and looks far into the distance to detect the signs of coming change. Hence especially the appropriateness of the new name, The Outlook, under which name its old friends will be glad to give it a renewed welcome. And to wish, as we do, that under this name it may add to its present circle an ever-widening circle of new friends, is only to express a wish in the interests of the highest culture, the largest liberty of thought and faith, and the purest social influence.

From the "National Baptist" (Philadelphia)

The Christian Union (New York), founded by Mr. Beecher, has changed its name to The Outlook. The paper remains, as in the past, broad, able, progressive; with its social and industrial aims we are very greatly in sympathy, though not always with its theological positions.

From "The Week" (Toronto)

The Outlook is the new name chosen by its management for that old, well-established, and deservedly popular journal The Christian Union. An excellent paper it is, and we doubt not that even old subscribers will soon be pleased with the new, progressive, and suggestive name.

From the "Union and Advertiser" (Rochester, N. Y.)

The Outlook is the new and more appropriate title that The Christian Union will hereafter bear. When this able journal was established, the special aim of its owners and editors was to promote closer relations between the various denominations in this country. The title chosen was then quite appropriate. But within recent years, particularly under the editorship of Dr. Lyman Abbott and Hamilton W. Mabie, the publication has been very much broadened. It has not only represented Church unity, but a great deal more: it has represented human unity—the brotherhood of man; it has represented all the forces that make for the betterment of the race socially, politically, and materially, as well as spiritually. Although it had long ceased to be a denominational publication, it was constantly spoken of as such, the title misleading those unfamiliar with its catholicity. Wisely, therefore, it has been decided to change the title, but not to alter the aim and character of the publication. The Outlook will still continue in the future as in the past to encourage all that is best in life and to condemn all that tends to thwart the attainment of the best. It will also continue to discuss impartially and with breadth of knowledge all significant events and movements in religion, politics, and literature. Articles of travel, those descriptive of charities, sketches of men eminent in all the useful walks of life, stories, and special contributions to meet the tastes and requirements of the family, will likewise continue to be found in its columns. In a word, The Outlook will be a better Christian Union under another name.

From "Unity" (Chicago)

With the first of July issue the familiar face of The Christian Union is changed and bears at its head the new title, The Outlook. Although the ownership, editorship, form, and purpose remain, we are told, unchanged, yet the change is very significant. It is one more attempt of earnest and devout men who feel the great ties of ethics, science, and religion binding together those things which creeds, sects, and theological terms and traditions divide, to escape the travail of the denominations; to avoid the trammel of the words which confuse. As the editor implies, the paper has been larger than its title in spirit and purpose, and this is an effort to find a name that, to say the least, will be as large as the paper's ideals. In this struggle to reach the larger constituency The Outlook has the keenest sympathy of "Unity." Our estimate of this paper is well known to our readers. We confidently believe it will still more merit the judgment we have heretofore expressed, viz., that "it is the best family paper published in America."

[See editorial on page 112.]

Correspondence

Another View

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of July 1 you quote Dr. Wilton Merle Smith as saying, in reference to the Briggs case: "The judgment of the General Assembly can in no way settle the matter. It must be settled at the bar of the court of final resort—the court of the world's scholarship." If by "the matter" to be settled Dr. Smith means the truth of Dr. Briggs's teachings, he is unquestionably right. Truth is never settled, and, in the nature of things, never can be settled, by ecclesiastical decree. But if, as seems probable, Dr. Smith means more than this—means that the question whether Dr. Briggs's teachings square to Presbyterian standards or not cannot be finally settled by the General Assembly, it seems to me, a layman, that he is in error. That "a man [a non-Presbyterian, or perhaps even a Presbyterian layman] may believe now just as he did before the decision," I cheerfully admit; but that a Presbyterian minister, holding to the truth as taught by Dr. Briggs, may, after the condemnation of such teachings by the highest judicial tribunal of the Church, still hold the same views of truth and at the same time retain his position in the Presbyterian ministry is not so clear. Ministers have heretofore held views at variance with the Confession of Faith, and have justified themselves by the plea that there was a latitude of belief allowed them by the Confession large enough to warrant them in giving adherence to the teachings of the new theology. But that support is no longer available. "What is written is written," says the Supreme Court of the Church. Dr. Briggs's teachings may be true in the abstract, but they are not true from a Presbyterian standpoint.

Dr. Smith seems to confound the prescribed mode for constitutional changes in the Church with the prescribed mode for the hearing and decision of litigated questions when he says, "That was the opinion of the Assembly, not the judgment of the whole Church." The decision of the constitutionality of the apportionment act of 1892 was the opinion of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, not the judgment of the whole people; but it settled the law for every citizen. Henceforth that question is no longer open in this State. If the law is unwise, it must be changed by the Legislature. So, in the Presbyterian Church, judicatories are established for the trial of causes, and the decision of the highest appellate court in any case ought to be binding upon the ministry of the Church so long as the Constitution remains unchanged. In the Briggs case there is no question of constitutional change, but simply one of the interpretation of the law as it is written. And that is a question for the General Assembly as the supreme judicatory of the Church.

Your editorial comment in the same issue to the effect that "if the Presbyterian Church possessed a judicial tribunal to which cases at issue could be submitted, and by which the principle involved could be decided with some appearance of judicial and impartial temper, the ministry in that Church would be in honor bound to accept such decision as final," reminds me of the country lawyer who always had two remedies when beaten in justice's court; he could appeal, or he could go down to the tavern and swear at the court. Dr. Smith and the others who agree with him cannot take an appeal. They seem to be adopting the other alternative. "There were not five men in that Assembly who were competent to judge of the matter."

Not only "the first thought of the layman," but the second and third thoughts of one layman at least, lead him to agree with Dr. Ecob. G. F. S.

Rochester, N. Y.

Turkey and Our Missions

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It appears that the friends of missions do not comprehend the gravity of the situation in Turkey.

Those who have read the reports in the

daily and weekly press for the past few months know of the combined efforts of the Government there to suppress the evangelical institutions of that land.

During the past two or three years the stories of extortion, oppression, persecution, and injustice in every form, if written, would cause the blood of every free-born American to boil.

The greater part of this movement is directed against the evangelization, enlightenment, and general education which the missionaries of the American Board and the representatives of the American Bible Society have introduced.

We have official information that it has been decided by the Council of Turkish Ministers at Constantinople that all foreign and parochial schools must go, and that the Mohammedan school shall be the only educational institution in the land of the Sultan. This means an official attempt to return to the conditions that prevailed one hundred years ago.

The immediate result of the decision was the burning of the Mission Seminary at Marsovan, by a mob inspired by the Governor of this province. Two professors of Anatolia College were then arrested and were sentenced to death. A professor in Euphrates College has been under arrest for some time.

The work of extermination has begun, and missionaries are severely taxed at every turn to defend the work of sixty years. The native pastors, teachers, and evangelists are more or less unsettled, for they see some of their number condemned to death after a farce called a trial, and they know not when their turn may come.

Arrests without a shadow of a cause, and condemnation to long terms of imprisonment, to banishment, or to death, without anything that could be called a fair trial, are common occurrences upon all sides.

Under these circumstances it is of the utmost importance that the missionaries and the far more severely persecuted native brethren, and the churches in the Ottoman Empire, feel that the Christians of America are standing by them.

It is also necessary that the Turkish Government understand that these institutions are not unsupported, but that they have the backing of their Christian constituents in this country.

And yet the missionaries are informed that, just at this point, they must retrench in their expenditures. Native laborers who have nobly defied persecution and danger for years are discharged, and colleges and schools are not supported as they should be at such a time as this.

Government officials take note of these things, and conclude that American Christians are not vigorously backing up the work, and so they are encouraged to employ their oppressive measures with renewed vigor.

Is this the desire of the churches of our land? Why do they not, at this time, come to the help of the Lord to crush out this crusade against his Church?

Special contributions for the work in Turkey are exceedingly necessary, and that, too, at once.

It would be well for the churches to hold special mass-meetings, addressed by those who have carefully investigated the subject. Let an intense sentiment be aroused against such injustice. This matter calls for immediate and vigorous action.

Prayer is important, but prayer with works will accomplish more. *.*

Young Women's Summer Conference

To the Editors of The Outlook:

This year there has been held at Northfield the first Summer Conference for Young Women, having its part in the series of numerous Women's Conferences which is making so signally characteristic the last decade of this woman's century.

It had been felt for some time, as the growing interest in the young men's conferences had shown how largely they were enjoyed, that some special provision must soon be made for young women. The advisability of such a con-

ference was discussed with Mr. Moody early in January, and, with that keen interest he always manifests in every broad movement, he at once gave it his hearty approval. So efficiently was the canvass made by the International Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association, and so warm a welcome was given the announcement, that the Conference has registered 170 delegates, representing thirty-one schools and colleges, as well as numerous city Young Women's Christian Associations and a goodly sprinkling of delegates from Christian Endeavor Societies. The representation includes young women from McGill University, Montreal, on the north, and Bryn Mawr and Swarthmore on the south; Ohio Wesleyan University on the west; as well as Cornell, Vassar, Syracuse, Elmira, Smith, Mount Holyoke, and a number less well-known institutions; while Wellesley, with a delegation of twenty-one, including the college Glee Club, has held the lead.

The entire tone of the Conference was earnest, deep, and spiritual, but a mere outline of the work done must suffice here. Two of the morning hours were taken up by classes in Bible study, one led by Robert E. Speer—well known as a leader in the Students' Missionary Volunteer movement—which studied the Gospel of Mark inductively; the other class, in charge of Mr. James McConaughy, of Mount Hermon Seminary, was called the Personal Workers' Class, and here different members of the class brought forward difficulties they had met in trying to lead others to Christ. The two closing hours of the morning were occupied in the discussion of methods of specific Christian work in cities and colleges. In each of these one or two short papers opened the way for general discussion of the topic under consideration, and the response was so hearty that each day the hour closed with much unsaid. The afternoons were given up to rest and social relaxation and enjoyment.

The evening platform meetings were addressed by such speakers as Mrs. L. S. Bainbridge, Superintendent of the Woman's Branch of City Missions in New York City; Robert F. Speer, on the Student Volunteer movement; Miss Grace A. Dodge, on the Working-Girls' Clubs; the Rev. H. P. Beach, of the Springfield Training-School for Christian Workers; as well as on two evenings by Mr. Moody himself. Mrs. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, presided over the Conference during the meetings when Mr. Moody was forced, to be absent, and added greatly to their spiritual vigor and earnestness.

The last session, held Thursday evening, June 29, was addressed by Richard E. Morse, International Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.; Miss E. K. Price, International Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., and many others.

Said Mr. Moody, in closing: "Don't be in a hurry to go. Stay and take each other by the hand, and remember that you are warmly invited to come back next year, and many years after, until you can bring your daughters and granddaughters with you; and may God be with you till we meet again."

ANNIE M. REYNOLDS.

Northfield, June 30.

Can Plants See?

The mysteries of vegetable life are not yet all explored. An Indian botanist has made experiments which induce him to say that some plants can see. Whether the inference can be accepted or not, these experiments go to show that the plants made an effort to reach supports placed at a little distance, and grew toward these supports wherever they were placed. The plant was a convolvulus, and when a long pole was placed near it, and in such a way that the tendrils would have to turn away from the light to reach it, they invariably did so, and within a few hours trained about it. That certain plants have the sense of touch is well known. The leaves of several species of Mimoseæ exhibit a peculiar irritability when touched or shaken. The ancients believed that trees were inhabited by nymphs; and Tasso, in his great epic of "Jerusalem Delivered," makes trees groan and bleed when wounded.—*Albany Times-Union*.

About People

—One of the most original gifts for the Princess May is a solid gold mouse-trap.

—The lady who is now known as the Duchess of Devonshire has been for many years an anonymous contributor to the "Saturday Review" of London.

—The seat John Bright used to occupy in the Quaker meeting-house at Rochdale is still without a cushion, as in the days when he worshipped there.

—The tercentenary of the birth of Izaak Walton is to be celebrated in Stafford, England, August 9. Representatives from all the British angling clubs will attend.

—The Rev. Henry Herrick, of Woodstock, Conn., is the oldest living graduate of Yale University. He and the Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher are the last survivors of the class of '22.

—Yale University has conferred the honorary degree of Master of Arts upon Mr. John F. Logie, Head Master of Franklin College, a preparatory school for boys located in Dresden, Germany.

—Herr Pollak, who claims to be the fastest talker in the world, is on exhibition at the World's Fair. He has a meaningless list of 20,000 words which he says he can repeat in forty minutes.

—In his address at the dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, Henry Irving said that "of all the will-o'-the-wisps that ever lead men astray, the maxim that genius is the infinite capacity for taking pains is the most delusive."

—Miss Anna Monica Dunn, an English girl who has been studying medicine at Brussels, has recently secured her degree there with brilliant success. She will go to India, where she will practice in one of the hospitals founded by Lady Dufferin.

—Miss Jane Pattison, who was the elder sister of Mark Pattison, late Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, and of "Sister" Dora, died the other day at Richmond, in Yorkshire, where she had lived for many years, devoting herself entirely to good works.

—A memorial tablet to Shelley has been placed on the Palazzo Verospi in the Corso, Rome. It was placed at the expense of the city. The Mayor hung a laurel wreath on the tablet, and in the evening Shelley's grave was visited and a bronze wreath was left on his tombstone.

—Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, who succeeds the ill-fated Vice-Admiral Tryon as Commander-in-Chief of the Queen's Mediterranean squadron, has been in the royal navy for forty-three years. Both his grandfather and his uncle were admirals before him.

—Mrs. W. J. Baird, of England, is famous as one of the most expert chess analysts in the world. Her chess problems are considered among the best and most difficult published. She has competed in many tournaments and has won many prizes. Mrs. Baird is the wife of Deputy Inspector-General W. J. Baird, and they have a ten-year-old daughter who has also shown great taste for chess and has composed several remarkable problems.

—Mr. Andrew Carnegie has rented, besides Cluny Castle in Scotland, Craig-dhu House, two miles from the castle, on the banks of Loch Ovie, near the rocky recesses where Prince Charlie took refuge after the battle of Culloden. John Morley once described this house as an ideal Highland residence. Mr. Carnegie's coaching party this year intend visiting the valley of the Wye and driving through the western counties of England on their way north.

—His Highness the Maharajah of Kapurthala, who is now in Japan headed for the World's Fair, is, says a Chicago paper, a petty Hindu potentate (maharajah is Sanscrit for "great king"), but a very gorgeous one, for he is wealthy in the Orient's barbaric pearl and gold, and wears one or more rings on every finger and on his thumbs as a slight indication of his fondness for jewelry. He is rather old, and, unlike most Eastern princes, not very well educated. He is accompanied by a numerous retinue, but, curiously enough, he is under the direction of an excursion agency.

—To many people the most interesting undergraduate at Cambridge University, in England,

is a young Hindu named Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji, who has made his mark both as a student and as a cricketer. He distinguished himself when he entered Trinity College three years ago, at the age of eighteen, by passing all of the "Little-Go" examinations at once, and last year at cricket he scored the remarkable total of 2,400 runs, with an average of 54. He is a slender fellow with less than the average Englishman's amount of strength, and his performance at the wicket is therefore all the more phenomenal.

Bits of Fun

A lad, asked what he understood by "celerity," answered, "Something to put hot plates down with."—*Exchange*.

"Did you see that shocking straw hat De Slips is wearing?" "Yes; another Panama scandal."—*Puck*.

A Jersey City paper, speaking of an accident, says: "One man was killed, and the other had his head severed from his body."—*Judge*.

"One ob de penalties ob greatness," said Uncle Eben, "is ter be specially conspicuous ebry time yer makes er fool ob yerself."—*Washington Star*.

Farmer A.—How much did you get fer yer 'taters? Farmer B.—Wal, I didn't get as much as I expected; and I didn't call 'em I would.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Exacting Father—James, how are you getting along with that job of wood-splitting? Rebellious Son—I'm making about three knots an hour.—*Detroit Free Press*.

To Constant Reader.—No; the fruit-dealer who sells you an unripe watermelon is not liable to arrest as a green-goods swindler, but he ought to be.—*Buffalo Courier*.

"Papa, do men descend from monkeys?" "Yes, my boy." "And what about the monkeys?" Puzzled Pater—"The monkeys descend—aw—from the trees."—*L'Observateur*.

Under the New York law, misrepresentation of the circulation of a newspaper is a penal offense. Newspaper publishers will have to be very careful not to understate their circulation after this.—*Boston Globe*.

There is a New England woman whose pastor recently asked after her health. Her reply was: "I feel very well, but I always feel bad when I feel well, because I know I am going to feel worse afterward."—*Tribune*.

Teacher—What are marsupials? Boy—Animals which have pouches in their stomachs. Teacher—And what do they have pouches for? Boy—To crawl into and conceal themselves in when they are pursued.—*London Figaro*.

A poster received here, announcing a Fourth of July celebration at Fairfield, states that a lady will make a descent from a balloon in a "pair of shoes." This was crossed out and "parachute" written in the margin.—*Winthrop (Me.) Budget*.

Victor Hugo committed some charming international blunders. The favorite unmusical instrument of Scotland he called "le bug-pipe," and the Firth of Forth he translated as "Première des Quatre," or "first of the fourth."—*Californian Magazine*.

"Look at me, ma'am," said the man who was asking for something to eat. "Ain't I the picture of despair?" "I don't know anything about yer bein' a picture," she answered, glancing at the ax, "but unless you're in the wood-cut line you can't get anything to eat here."—*Washington Star*.

On the World's Fair grounds, the other day, a tall woman, with steel-rimmed glasses, went up to the "general information" woman and asked: "Is this where you tell people what they want to know?" "Yes, ma'am." "Well, I've been looking for them lagoons I've heard so much about. Can you tell me

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what building they are in?"—*New York Tribune*.

"This is your sixth trip across the ocean in winter, is it?" said the timid passenger. "Are you never oppressed by a fear that the ship will run into an iceberg and sink?" "Never, madam," replied the business-like passenger, briskly. "I never invest a cent of money in ships."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Hobbs and Dobbs were discussing men who stammer. "The hardest job I ever had," said Hobbs, "was to understand a deaf and dumb man who stammered." "How can a deaf and dumb man stammer?" asked Dobbs. "Easily enough," replied Hobbs; "he had rheumatism in his fingers."—*Philadelphia Record*.

In traveling about England one is much impressed with the pride of tradesmen who have had the good fortune to cater in some way to the needs of the throne. Gaudy signs greet the eye at nearly every turn upon which one reads that the tradesman there engaged in business is "Cloakmaker by Special Appointment to her Majesty the Queen;" another is "Purveyor of Anchovy Paste to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales," and so on. Among all these it is noticed that plumbers and gas-fitters are conspicuous by their absence; but if an English newspaper tells the truth—and why should it not in this case?—there was at one time in England a sign that was delicious in the extreme. It read:

"By Special Appointment Pawnbroker to his Majesty."—*Harper's Bazar*.

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Suggestions for planning a Vacation or a Trip anywhere in the world; printed information concerning any Transportation Line in the world, any Hotel in the world, any Pleasure or Health Resort in the world, or any Tour to any part of the world, will be sent on request, without charge, by the Recreation Department, The Outlook, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

Suggestions as to Western Resorts

Many readers of The Outlook who visit the World's Fair will possibly be glad to have the assistance of the Recreation Department in helping them plan a visit to some of the many Western resorts. For these and all others planning a vacation trip in the West the following list of the principal resorts will be of value. All of these points are west or northwest of Chicago:

Lake Minnetonka, Minn.	Manitou, Col.
Kenosha, Wis.	Cascade Cañon, Col.
Marquette, Mich.	Glenwood Springs, Col.
Helena, Mont.	Great Salt Lake, Utah.
Yellowstone National Park.	The Yosemite.
Alaska.	Las Vegas, N. M.
Denver, Col.	Grand Cañon of the Colorado.
Colorado Springs, Col.	Hot Springs, S. D.

Full information in regard to any of these or any other points, and full printed information as to the ways of reaching them from Chicago or your home, will be sent free on request by the Recreation Department, The Outlook, 13 Astor Place, New York City.

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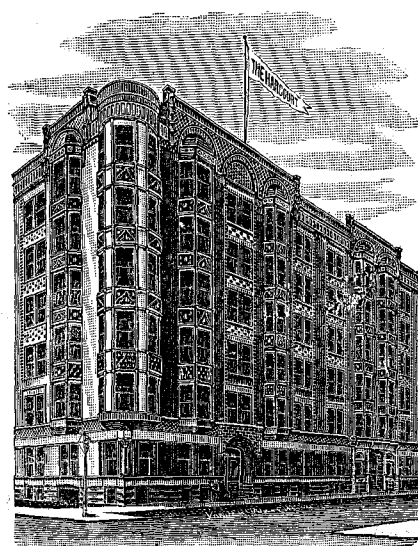
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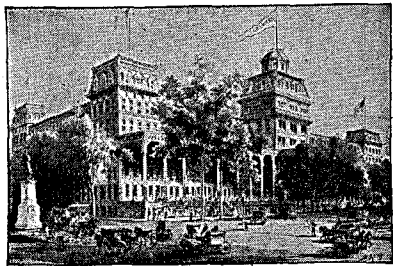
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MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Delaware Water Gap, Pa.—Situated on the mountain-side, near the station, post-office, and all points of interest. First-class accommodations at moderate rates. Send for circular. Address
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Most charming Mountain Resort in America. Send for descriptive circular. H. M. ESSICK, Proprietor, Picture Rocks, Pa.

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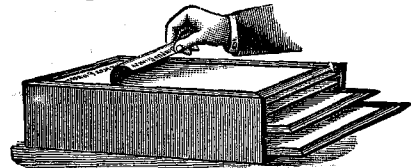
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A new invention for duplicating copies of writings and drawings.



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TO RENT—For August and September, two-story brick, nine-room house, completely furnished for house-keeping; modern. Near cable line and Illinois Central Railroad. World's Fair within 15 minutes. Very low rental. Address 44 Bryant Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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FOR SALE—Two-story brick house in good repair. Barn; orchard and other fruit; 4 acres of good land; in Crown Point. Inquire of Mrs. L. N. PAGE, Crown Point, N. Y.

Financial

The money market for the week has very markedly changed in comparison with the past two weeks, and rates have returned to near the normal figures for call loans. At the opening of the week, extending to over the 4th, money ruled at from 15 to 20 per cent., loaning as high as 30 per cent.; but from that date the easing off has been unmistakable, indicating not only a cessation of currency shipments to the country, but a return flow from the Chicago market at least, and from the near-by markets. The 1st of the month was the critical period, and a good deal of fear was manifest in anticipation of exceeding stringency; but the issuing, by the city banks, of some ten or twelve million dollars additional Clearing-House certificates, raising the total issue to about \$22,500,000 thus far, assisted in bridging over the 1st, and kept rates within possible limits. The banks had to pay out some \$70,000,000 on that day, besides the payments at the other Eastern cities, for dividends and interest money, which temporarily locked up great sums. It is fortunate, at this particular time and under the present exceptionally trying conditions, that a money panic was averted, for it would have carried with it a security panic and would have been the fruitful source of great sacrifices. The Bank of England leaves its discount rate at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., with a reduction in its reserve to about 43 per cent., against 50 per cent. a week ago. The sterling exchange market—which was completely demoralized during the period of extreme rates for money—is slightly improved, closing at an advance of two points from the lowest. The difficulty in getting gold sovereigns or bars at normal rates of the Bank of England prevented a movement of gold this way during these extreme rates for money. The fact is that England protects her gold and will not part with it as we do ours. The Bank of England has a way of bidding full prices, and more, for open-market gold in the London markets whenever there is any danger of a drain, while we are free-handed, neither our Government nor the banks having devised any system for protecting gold reserves. When we consider that about \$200,000,000 of gold has left us in the past three years, in spite of the fact that our aggregate net merchandise trade with the world in the time named has been in our favor, we believe that wisdom would have dictated some system of protection of our gold hoards.

Yet, with our disordered and threatening currency conditions, such protection is difficult, for, since distrust as to the final outcome of our currency value has, during these three years, been growing until it has reached an acute stage, we might have found it impossible to have checked the outflow, for when confidence departs panic is likely to ensue. We can see now, clearly enough (and everybody with good sense is seeing it), that the dilution of our currency with cheap silver dollars is the prolific source of this chronic distrust, and that only by stopping this dilution can we expect to regain the trust and confidence of the outside world. The effect on all values which this process has produced is directly the reverse anticipated by the advocates of silver, so that hosts of people are being converted to honest money by force of suffering and loss. The fact that Congress is soon to meet, and that, in all probability, the purchasing of silver bullion will be stopped by legislation, has checked the return of our securities from foreign markets, and has gained to us a little of the lost confidence; but we must not expect any radical change for the better until the fact is absolutely accomplished, and the clause in the Sherman law providing for silver purchases is repealed; that done, confidence will revive in earnest, values will appreciate, credit will be re-established, and business will move on again prosperously. The wayfaring man, though a fool, may easily read this much in the signs.

With the return of these comparatively moderate rates for money, the stock market has taken on a distinctively better tone; prices have improved somewhat, but it is plain that the buying power in our markets has been very much impaired; brokers will not buy to any extent on margins, for the rates are too erratic to make it safe, and people are too

cautious to want to buy. The reports on the crop conditions make it quite plain that the spring wheat crop is to be very good, and that the corn crop is to be large. Cotton reports are premature, but it would be a relief to know that our cotton crop would be comparatively reduced, for the extraordinary yield of the past two years overstocked the world's markets with cotton and lowered the prices to poverty figures.

The railways report large earnings weekly, indicating great prosperity and large net earnings, as a rule, for the Western and North-western systems.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase.....	\$5,035,500
Specie, decrease.....	1,284,600
Legal tenders, decrease.....	4,874,100
Deposits, increase.....	700,200
Reserve, decrease.....	6,333,750

This leaves the banks below the legal reserve about \$5,000,000.

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A Woman in Thibet

The "North China Herald" of June 2 contains a letter from its Chung King correspondent which gives the particulars of the journey of Miss A. Taylor, the missionary, through Thibet. He says:

"Of all the regions of this greatest continent of the world none is so little known at the present day as mountainous, mysterious Thibet. In recent years Mr. Rockhill and Prince Henri have made valiant attempts to add to our small stock of information regarding it. But little did we dream that a lone Englishwoman would outdo them all. Yet 'tis true. The other day the members of the foreign community received an invitation to the premises of the China Inland Mission to listen to the account, by Miss A. Taylor, of a journey of seven months and ten days through Thibet. She first spent ten months alone in a hut on the border, obliged to subsist on the coarsest and scantiest fare, owing to orders forbidding any one to sell her food. Then, when no one had a suspicion that she would go further, she suddenly disappeared in company with some Mahometans bound for Lhasa. Hardly was she started on her journey when the party was attacked by a band of robbers and several killed and wounded, she making her escape because she was a woman, and they never attack women. A little later she is entertained by the Queen of the Goloks, a tribe of brigands and a terror to all surrounding tribes, and refusing to pay tribute to the Chinese Government itself.

"Poisoned through her food, and narrowly escaping death; riding through ice-cold mountain torrents on horseback; breaking through the ice into the river; played false by her Chinese servant, who robs and tries to murder her; sleeping in caves or in the open air in the depth of winter, on mountains from 12,000 to 15,000 feet in height; hemmed in by impenetrable snowdrifts, and sharing her scanty stock of tea and barley flour with her starving horses—these are some of the incidents in the experience of the brave little woman. How many men would have constitutions robust enough to endure all this? Yet Miss Taylor had been ordered home by the doctors not long before because of weakness of the lungs. Penetrating within three days' journey of Lhasa, she might possibly have reached the capital itself but for the treachery of her Chinese servant, who went ahead and gave information. Compelled to return, she retraced her steps part of the way to the Kansu border, from which she started, and then took the road which others have traversed before to Tachienlu.

"Though the object of Miss Taylor's journey was purely a religious one (she goes home to try to get a band of laborers to try to enter and establish a mission among the Thibetans), yet the information she has gained should be of first importance in diplomatic circles. She believes that the Thibetans would welcome us into their country, but that the Chinese would keep us out, fearing the tea trade will fall into foreign hands. If this impression is correct, then the opening of Thibet is a question to be settled solely between the English and Chinese Governments. 'The opposition

to foreigners,' she concludes, 'is not a religious one, since the Mahometans, for instance, have their mosques in Lhasa.'

Bismarck's Advice to Boys

Prince Bismarck received a non-political deputation at Friedrichsruhe—the masters and boys of the Hamburg Wilhelm Gymnasium.

The ex-Chancellor gave the young fellows some good advice as to the manner in which they should utilize their time at the University, and then spoke of his love for music. He said: "I used to play formerly, but I was only a moderate hand at the piano, and was glad when I could throw it up, as it bored me to have to practice. Afterwards I was extremely sorry I did give it up, for music is a faithful companion in life. I missed it at many a party, and I recommend all of you who have any talent for music to cultivate it, and take a warning from me, so that you need not reproach yourselves with the mistake I have made."

No less useful were a few words against excessive thought for the morrow, which oppresses a great many people.

"If you trust in God and yourself," said the Prince, "you can surmount every obstacle. Do not yield to restless anxiety. One must not always be asking what may happen to one in life, but one must advance fearlessly and bravely."—*London Daily News's Berlin Correspondence.*

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One Municipal Problem

The solution of municipal problems is proceeding. Abatement of the smoke nuisance is one. Chicago has dealt rather notably with this issue. The nuisance has been materially mitigated by combined patience and punishment. Boilers were first examined and a proper ratio of grate-bars to duty required. Firemen were next shown how to fire so as to reduce smoke production to a minimum. After these preliminaries were attended to, owners were in the third place fined when their stacks were found belching volumes of black smoke.

In the old times before gas fuel, medical men at Pittsburg found in their post-mortems that the lung-tissue was permeated by carbonaceous matter. During the gas-fuel period the death-rate fell to 19.58 per 1,000, although this was the period of the grip epidemic. Since the partial return to coal the rate has risen to 22.15 per 1,000, which is higher than that of St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, Louisville, Indianapolis, and a number of other cities whose hygienic conditions otherwise are not superior to those of Pittsburg.

It is estimated that in the average of American cities the total amount of smoke is divided about equally between domestic fires and industrial establishments. For a variety of reasons the first is less noxious. It is more attenuated. To a great extent it is unavoidable, but the second—smoke from power boilers—is avoidable. This is a fact known experimentally to every skillful fireman. Apart from this, Chicago has proved it experimentally on the very largest scale. The spectacle of a belching chimney is now evidence of inefficient municipal regulation.

London's smoke was greatly reduced after the report of the Smoke Abatement Committee in 1882. It is now diminishing still further under the rapid introduction of gas for domestic purposes. Electric heating is pushing gas hard there, but this fact is of secondary bearing on smoke abatement, since the domestic use of gas in place of coal is practically smokeless. The extent of the smoke nuisance in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City is less than it used to be, but it is susceptible of still further diminution.—*Evening Sun*.

Eugene Field on Old Books

A young man writes from St. Joseph, Mo., to a dealer in this city that he is offering for sale, through stress of hard times, a very rare book, presumably "the oldest book in America." The volume is printed in Dutch, is in perfect condition, and was published more than three hundred years ago. The present owner, whose letter proclaims his illiteracy, believes that he has a veritable treasure. He will be terribly shocked when he discovers that his treasure is worth in the market not more than \$5.

Age alone gives value to but very few books. Yet the average person has an idea that, if a book was printed long ago, it must necessarily be valuable. And, what is curious, different people differ as to the dates that constitute a book old. There are those who fancy that a volume printed one hundred years ago must be esteemed very old and very rare and very valuable. Others show you with pride a Hudibras printed, we will say, in 1750, or a Bible printed two hundred years ago; and these volumes are cherished because of their antiquity! A very worthy lady living in Massachusetts recently exhibited with an elaborate flourish a volume of sermons bearing the date of 1785—a volume she revered, loved, and treasured because of its age; a few moments later she gave up to the writer, without any hesitancy, a charming little 1827 reprint of the "New England Primer."

Age only gives value to comparatively few books. Hundreds of volumes printed in the seventeenth century are to be had at our second-hand shops at prices ranging from ten to twenty-five cents apiece, and the average vellum of three hundred and fifty years ago is worth eighty per cent. less in the market today than is one of Hawthorne's or of Whittier's cunning little first editions printed between 1838 and 1842. Going over an English catalogue a few days ago, we made a note of the

prices of items bearing dates from 1490 to 1510, and we found that the sixteen volumes offered for sale could be had for \$5.92—about thirty-five cents apiece. Last winter, here in Chicago, a twenty-four-volume edition of Melancthon, printed at Amsterdam in 1660, was sold to the Armour Institute library for \$5. By actual weight and by actual measurement (for they were monstrous folios in double thick vellum), they were cheaper than coal by the ton or wood by the cord.—*Chicago Record*.

A Dangerous Doll

The little province of Alsace has had a hard time, in many respects, since it was conquered by the Germans. Every possible precaution is taken to guard against any demonstration of the French national spirit, and though the children are allowed to learn the language of their ancestors, they are not allowed to be taught it by French governesses. The following two stories show the extent to which the Government formerly carried its practice of watching the people.

A few years ago a little girl was seen playing with a doll which was dressed in red, white, and blue. The suspicions of the official were aroused, for it certainly was dreadful to see the power of the German Empire so boldly threatened. The child was tracked to its home, and there the officer found that the doll was a present.

He went immediately to the lady who had given it to the child, and obtained the address of the store where the dangerous plaything had been bought. It was a modest little place, but the officer found it at last, and then discovered that the doll had been made and dressed in Leipzig. This was a surprise, but the matter did not end here, for the manufacturer in Leipzig was officially requested not to send any more red, white, and blue dolls to Alsace.

The other story may not carry with it full conviction of its truth, but it is too good not to be told.

It is said that two Germans were walking one cold day on the banks of a large pond, when one of them fell in. He could not swim, and screamed for aid. The other, who was an officer, did not feel inclined to take so cold a plunge, and calmly watched the struggles of the sinking man. All at once the man in the water began to sing a stanza of the Marseillaise, and the officer jumped in forthwith, for his strict orders were to arrest any person whom he heard singing that famous song. The unfortunate citizen was imprisoned for eight months, but that was better than drowning.—*Youth's Companion*.

—Literary fame is a curious thing when it brings a letter addressed to "Dr. Olive W. Holmes" and addressed inside as "Dear Madame" to the famous "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," and yet this is what actually occurred in the mail of the Boston poet only a short time since.

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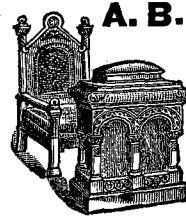
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The
Roman Catholic
Question

By

LYMAN ABBOTT

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The Trail of the Serpent

The other day I transformed a savage old male *rhesus macacus*, which was tearing at his cage to get at me, with crimson face and gnashing canines, into a limp and pallid coward by the exhibition of a Japanese toy snake which I had in my pocket. Practical naturalists who have to do with strong and fierce monkeys occasionally resort to a similar stratagem in order to intimidate them. Mr. Rudyard Kipling introduces this fact into one of his tales, and makes the caretaker of an orang-outang, on board ship, gently hiss like a serpent whenever his charge became too obstreperous. I have tried the same experiment with apes of various kinds, and invariably with immediate results. The suddenly arrested movements and startled, timorous look at once betrayed how much the mind of the beast was agitated by that uncanny sound. Is it not strange that throughout all nature, from the desolate swamp to the opera-house radiant with electric light, a hiss is an intimation of hostile intent? And that it invariably sends a flutter of apprehension through the nerves of the hearer? An actor who was great in the part of the ultra-villain in melodrama said that he never heard the hisses with which the gallery applauded his quasi turpitude without an uncomfortable momentary shudder, although he well knew that the sound was meant as an expression of the most sincere appreciation of his talents. Does not the novelist make his arch-reprobate *hiss* his curses when his demoniac emotion is too intense for shouting? Is it not possible that political audiences are unconsciously guided by a deeply seated animal instinct when they greet the unpopular orator or sentiment with a storm of sibilation? Of course the speaker or actor knows quite well that the auditorium is not (except metaphorically) a nest of serpents, just as the keeper of the reptiles at the zoological gardens knows that a harmless snake will not kill him when he handles it; but the disconcerting *aura* comes all the same, and the hiss generally serves its purpose. I have taken pains to let a monkey see that my toy snake was only made of paper, yet the next time it appeared from my pocket he sprang back involuntarily just as at first.—*From "Natural History of the Hiss," by Dr. Louis Robinson, in North American Review.*

The Field-Telephone

The whole matter of military communication devolves upon the Signal Service, and the Signal Corps of the army has, until recently, on account of assignment to other service, been able to do little more than keep informed of the progress of other nations in the development of material and methods of conveying intelligence, and to endeavor to judge of the merits of improvements by office tests rather than field trial.

After many tests of foreign devices, the Government employed the Bell Telephone Company to devise and manufacture an instrument which it is hoped will meet all requirements for communication in the field. In this instrument the principles of the Eccard knapsack telephone, a previous American device, and the trumpet telephone of the German army are combined. It consists of an ingenious arrangement of Bell telephone, Morse key, and battery, which are all contained in a small leather case worn by a strap over the shoulder. The wire is coiled on a reel in a separate case, and makes a load for one man. The telephone part is so contrived that the receiver and transmitter are in one piece, which may be held in place by one hand, the receiver at the ear and the transmitter at the mouth, while the other hand manipulates the key. The key takes the place of the call-box in an ordinary telephone, and makes a sharp click in the receiver at the other end of the line, which calls the operator's attention.

If desirable, the instrument may also be used to telegraph as well as to telephone. Conditions might exist in action where cannonading and the like would render it difficult to hear spoken words in the telephone. Then it is that the sharp click of the telegraph key spells the message through the telephone receiver in the ear of the operator who hears

it as clearly as if a hundred miles from the scene of action. The wire used is light insulated double conductor, which has a tensile strength that will withstand the strain of being run over by artillery wheels, and may be safely laid on the ground. It is usually strung along fences, however, for rapid work, and on trees and light poles when practicable. One man can carry about one and one-half miles of this wire, which would weigh, with reel, fifty-two pounds.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Senator Stanford's Horses

In employing men to work at Palo Alto, the late Senator gave them the most strict orders. They were told never to strike, kick, or whip a horse, and his instructions to his men were: "Always do a thing a little better than anybody else, and you will succeed. When you handle a horse, treat him a little better than any one else. When you breed a horse, breed him to a little better stock each time."

It was in this way that Stanford revolutionized the horse-breeding of the country. He never allowed one of his men to ill-use a horse, and they knew it. There are never noise or blows around the Palo stables, and the horses are never frightened. To show his feeling towards his horses, the late Henry Vrooman once told of an occurrence when he was dining with Senator Stanford. Just after the dinner, one of the drivers insisted that he must see the Senator. He was ushered in, with blood over his face, which was badly cut. "John knocked me down," explained the man, referring to one of the trainers.

"What did you do?" asked the Senator.

"Nothing," replied the man.

"But you must have done something; I want the truth," persisted the Senator.

"I kicked a horse, and John knocked me down," said the man.

"Those were John's instructions, and I think he did just right," said the Senator.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

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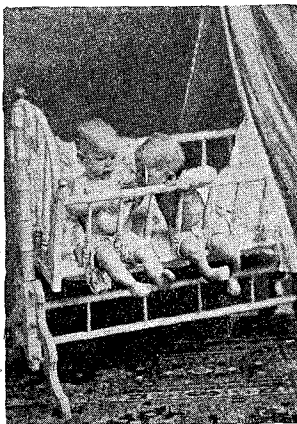
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